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SPAIN.

WHEN some Carlist officer indulged himself and gratified his followers and superiors by murdering a German prisoner, he can scarcely have anticipated the political consequences of a pleasant and familiar crime. The recognition of the Government of Madrid by several European Powers has undoubtedly been accorded at the instance of the German Government, which has justly resented the outrage perpetrated on one of its subjects. Don CARLOS indeed has been advised to assert that Captain SCHMIDT was taken with a revolver in his hand at the head of a body of incendiaries. To any person better acquainted with the world than a Legitimist Pretender it is simply incredible that a German officer of reputation in the position of a non-combatant should have employed himself in wantonly setting Spanish houses on fire. In the same sentence Don CARLOS describes Captain SCHMIDT as a spy, without understanding that the two accusations are inconsistent with one another. Spies pursue their avocation within the enemy's lines in the most peaceful and unobtrusive manner. It would not answer their purpose to collect illicit information with a revolver in one hand and a torch in the other. Captain SCHMIDT's countrymen are with good reason convinced that he was put to death because he was a German, and perhaps also because he was a Protestant. Some English partisans of Carlist orthodoxy have characteristically taunted the victim with a supposed recantation which the murderers may probably have tried to extort. As far as England is concerned, there is a certain awkwardness in the choice of a time for recognition; but if the measure is agreeable to Germany as well as to Spain, it may perhaps be contended that a double object has been attained. Patriotic Englishmen are accustomed to restrain the impatience which is naturally produced by the habitual and ostentatious timidity of successive Ministers. For many years past the Foreign Office had regulated its policy by the fear of giving offence, and the result might have been anticipated by any observer of the tendency of the same kind of nervous solicitude in private life. The recognition of the Spanish Government has probably been delayed in deference to France, and it is at last, without any change of circumstances, granted to conciliate Germany. It happens that Don CARLOS had lately attained a degree of success which may probably be the final limit and turning point of his enterprise. Although the atrocities perpetrated under his authority have provoked just indignation, the Madrid Government has certainly not acquired increased solidity by the recent disasters. The question whether a new Government is to be recognized ought to be considered with exclusive reference to facts, and as far as possible independently of moral preference or disapproval. If a foreign nation deliberately prefers an absolute monarchy or the supremacy of a Jacobin Club, it is entitled to exercise its discretion without external control. The Spanish Republic, if there is a Republic, is neither so bad nor so good as to form an exception to the general rule.

The meaning and value of recognition are not easily defined. It has not been disputed or doubted that the actual Government of Madrid has enjoyed nearly all the rights which belong to a Sovereign State. Its flag has been known on the sea after as well as before the abdication of King AMADEO; and during the whole interval the Ministers of England and of other Powers have continued to reside at Madrid, and to hold constant intercourse with the Government for the time being. The German Government, it is true, professed entire impartiality between the

Madrid authorities and the Carthagena insurgents; but the English Admiral, when he had become possessed of the ships which had been taken from the rebels by a German Commodore, was ultimately directed to return them, not to the belligerent who had been last in possession, but to the Government of Madrid as the representative of the nation. It was impossible to express more clearly the opinion that Carthagena was in rebellion against a Government which for the purpose must have been regarded as legitimate. The Carlist insurrection is more formidable, and it has lasted longer; but the recognition is equivalent to an admission that Don CARLOS is, in spite of his own sweeping assertion, not King *de facto* even in the provinces of which he holds military occupation. Whether he is King *de jure* is a question which exclusively concerns the subjects over whom he seeks to establish his right. The Spanish Ministers in London and other capitals will henceforth be received in an official capacity, and probably diplomatic communications will be more conveniently transmitted. It may be hoped that the relations which have been at last re-established will not be hastily disturbed. Nothing is more probable than a further change in the form of government in Spain; but it will be quite unnecessary to suspend diplomatic intercourse because the PRESIDENT of the Republic may possibly call himself Regent for Don ALFONSO. Lord DERBY exhibited sound judgment in falsifying the rumour that he had recommended the convocation of a Cortes as the condition of recognizing a Government which has not yet received Parliamentary approval. Marshal SERRANO is obeyed throughout all the provinces which are not controlled by the Carlists, and he disposes of an army which probably by this time numbers 150,000 men. The same ruler, or a successor, will be equally entitled to represent the nation if he thinks fit to assume another title with or without the sanction of a Cortes.

It seems not altogether improbable that Provisional Governments may become permanent in more than one European State. In different countries and ages temporary makeshifts have often grown into lasting institutions, as when the Roman commander of the army and Chief of the Senate assumed the modest title of Emperor, which is still, after nearly two thousand years, coveted by the most ambitious founders of dynasties. In India, hereditary Ministers, such as the Peishwa of the Mah-rattas, repeatedly acquired independent sovereignties, while they retained the title of their original offices. The French Septennate and the Government of Marshal SERRANO are tolerated by all parties because they represent a truce or compromise. The institution of universal suffrage, which threatens to render government impossible, is sometimes content to suspend itself on condition that it is not formally disavowed. The democrats in many parts of Europe are obstinately opposed to the kingly title, which AUGUSTUS himself could not safely have assumed in Rome. On the other hand, the upper and middle classes are with good reason unanimously hostile to a Republic in which, as they apprehend, their deadliest enemies might at any time become supreme. As all parties naturally shrink from civil war, nothing is more convenient than the continuance for an indefinite time of an interregnum which provides for social order, without giving either Royalists or Republicans a decisive victory. PRIM, who had the merit of inventing or applying the system of provisional government, might perhaps not have been assassinated if he had been content to dispense with a more definitive arrangement. Experience has shown that nations almost invariably fail when

they attempt deliberately to provide themselves with constitutions; while, on the other hand, temporary expedients are almost always recommended by considerations of convenience. The principal objection to Septennates and other Provisional Governments is that they constantly fall into the hands of soldiers. The Assembly which has for the first time since the fall of LOUIS PHILIPPE striven vigorously to assert Parliamentary supremacy in France seems to be, at least in the estimation of foreign observers, thoroughly discredited. In Spain representative government has proved an entire failure; and if a civilian were now President of the Republic, he would be entirely dependent for the maintenance of his authority on the chiefs of the army. It is fortunate that some military rulers are, like MACMAHON and SERRANO, moderate in the exercise of their power.

Any error which may have been committed in the selection of a time for recognition will be readily condoned if the courteous advances of the Great Powers should coincide with a successful movement against the Carlists. It seems that the long period of inaction which succeeded the discomfiture of Estella has at last closed, and that General ZABALA and his lieutenants are moving on the Carlist positions. The interval has probably been employed in the provision of military stores, and in introducing some elements of discipline among the raw recruits who form the bulk of the army. If it is true that General LOPEZ DOMINGUEZ has been appointed Minister of War, he will probably be as efficient in directing the operations of the armies as in immediate command. General PAVIA, on whose energy much reliance is placed, has apparently not yet recommenced the campaign. Notwithstanding the partial successes of the Carlist leaders, the difficulties of SERRANO are much less than those which CASTELAR was compelled to encounter a year ago. The Communist insurrection finally subsided with the fall of Carthagena, and the Republicans deserve credit for the suspension during the continuance of civil war of their agitation against the Government. The partisans of Don ALFONSO have every reason to wait with patience for a future opportunity. It is advantageous to their cause that a Provisional Government should be charged with the suppression of the rebellion; and they have many friends among the general officers of the army. A Pretender who is still a minor can scarcely fail to profit by a delay which will eventually remove his disqualification; yet it is by no means certain that the Provisional Government will make way for any claimant of the throne. The war is so far convenient that it furnishes the PRESIDENT with an excuse for indefinitely adjourning the convocation of the Cortes. Spain stands in no urgent need of eloquent speeches, and a new democratic Constitution would be a wholly superfluous composition. The hopes which have been excited by the recognition accorded to the Government by Germany, England, France, and Italy, may perhaps be disappointed; nor is the hesitation of Russia seriously important. Few Spaniards can have desired the intervention which was not long since described as probable; but it must have been mortifying to be constantly reminded that in the opinion of Europe the existence of the Republic was provisional and precarious.

#### BRIGHTON AND SHEFFIELD.

MR. FAWCETT'S old supporters at Brighton have been paying him a compliment which he amply deserved. They have been holding a meeting to express in a public and formal manner their regret that he is no longer their member, and their congratulations on his having so quickly found another seat. No one has shown more independence in Parliament than Mr. FAWCETT, and his independence has been of the only sort possessing much real value, that which springs from a man's having with patience and labour thought out and worked out subjects for himself. In return Mr. FAWCETT had an opportunity of gratefully acknowledging how much he owed to Brighton, where he found nearly ten years ago a constituency willing to give a fair trial to a stranger, to a young man almost unknown, to a man not rich, and to one suffering from an infirmity which seemed to doom him to a life of inactivity. Mr. FAWCETT triumphed over this great obstacle with a courage which excited the admiration and respect of men of all parties, and he made a name and position for himself by the course he took and the resolution he showed in dealing with questions of considerable importance. His Brighton friends more especially dwelt, in addressing him, on the

part he had taken in helping forward the measures by which the Universities were relieved from tests, on his indefatigable endeavours to awaken public attention to the importance of Indian affairs, and on the amendments he had endeavoured to carry when the Reform Bill was under discussion. Mr. FAWCETT, in reply, said that he had found considerable indifference and apathy about India in the House of Commons, but that in this respect the House of Commons did not represent the country, for during his recent contest at Hackney he had discovered that nothing had been more beneficial to him than his reputation for having given much time and thought to Indian affairs. The divergence which Mr. FAWCETT thought he perceived between the House of Commons and the constituencies as to the interest attaching to problems of Indian government is, however, in the main imaginary. Members are as well aware as electors that it is very important to understand Indian questions, but they are also aware that it is very difficult. They have the good sense not to meddle in matters which are beyond them, and a mistake as to which may cause incalculable misery to millions of human beings of whose wants and capacities they are totally ignorant. They leave Indian affairs to be discussed by those who have learnt about India in the school of official experience, or who have, like Mr. FAWCETT, devoted years of study to the acquisition of the necessary information. Electors can show their interest in India by patting a candidate on the back who has got India up by patient study, but members can only show their interest about India by studying it for themselves; and this is a very different thing, and it is quite impossible to expect that any great number of members will ever have the courage to rival Mr. FAWCETT in his laboriously acquired knowledge of Indian questions. If a member is known to have gone through an amount of labour from which most men would recoil, in order that he may bring independent criticism to bear on the policy of the Indian Government, this is an excellent reason for a constituency resolving that he shall not lose the opportunity of rendering a great public service; but it is not possible that the common run of members should do as he has done, and nothing could be worse than if members, in order to impose on constituencies, got into the habit of dragging Indian questions before Parliament and discussing them in a shallow and artificial manner.

The reference to the University Tests Bill warmed Mr. FAWCETT into saying much about the recent contest in the House of Commons over the Endowed Schools Bill. He spoke of the measure, as many other Liberals have done, as a rallying point for their party. He had believed that the new Ministry was going to be as Liberal as could be reasonably wished; but when this Bill was proposed, he discovered that the Liberalism of the Conservatives was not to be trusted, and that they meant to have their own way in one direction at least. It is true that the Ministry gave in, and Mr. DISRAELI bungled out of his scrape by affecting not to be able to understand the clauses of a Ministerial Bill. But his party would, Mr. FAWCETT thought, force Mr. DISRAELI to make very much the same proposals in a clearer form. These proposals are, in Mr. FAWCETT'S opinion, simply monstrous. His theory is that Parliament has already adopted the principle that endowed schools, except those of comparatively recent date, belong not to the National Church, but to the nation, for the benefit of all persons of whatever creed. The Nonconformists would thus have had a handsome present made to them, and now the Conservatives, plundering and blundering, propose to rob those on whom the gift has been bestowed. The truth is rather that Parliament did by the University Tests Acts take away a part of the exclusive privileges of the Established Church, and that the theoretical arguments which Parliament in passing these Acts overruled are very much the same arguments by which the right of the Church to treat most of the older schools as Church schools is defended. On the other hand, it is equally true that these arguments are the very arguments on which the existence of the Church as an Established Church itself depends. The real question is, how far Parliament can go in breaking through the exclusive privileges of the Church without doing away with the existence of the Establishment. The principles on which a College Fellowship originally created to ensure masses being said for the soul of a founder is now given as a means of providing a young man, whatever his religious creed may be, with a comfortable income on his first start in life, might logically be extended to putting ministers of all religious persuasions into the receipt of



parochial tithes. But the nation does not wish to see any such logical extension of principles; and what is really at issue is whether the nation wishes, or wishes wisely, that these principles should be carried so far as to take away the control of the older Endowed Schools from the Church. It is inverting the use of ordinary language to speak of not taking away from the Church as a robbery of Nonconformists. The Liberal party have no cause to be ashamed of their work. They may quite fairly say that what a former generation gave to one ecclesiastical body, they wish to give to all British subjects without distinction of creed. But it is very confusing if they insist on saying that those who wish to preserve the system which a former generation has transmitted to us are robbing those who would gain by this system being abandoned. Mr. FAWCETT got on much less disputable ground when he touched on the effects which the vehement debates on the Endowed Schools Bill have had on the position of parties. Mr. DISRAELI had to break away from many of his colleagues to snuff out a Cabinet measure, and to offer a very poor sort of excuse for doing so. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, found for once an enthusiastic party behind him, and had an opportunity of convincing every Liberal that he is so very much superior to every other leader of the party that there can be no possible competition while he is there to take the foremost part, and that without him the party is shorn of half its strength. By no one does this seem to have been felt more forcibly than by Mr. FAWCETT; and he could appeal safely to the recollections of his hearers when he said that his inclination to maintain his own opinion against Mr. GLADSTONE's had been the sole cause of such differences as had existed between him and the Liberals of Brighton while he was member for the borough, and that therefore he might be trusted when he said that the history of last Session had convinced him that not only can there be no other leader of the party, but that Mr. GLADSTONE, by leading the party even when it is in opposition, could do the nation such a great service that his conscience ought to forbid him to abandon his post.

The next day Mr. FORSTER visited Sheffield, and thus gave the English public the opportunity of knowing what another Liberal of eminence had to say. But Mr. FORSTER was in a very different position from that which Mr. FAWCETT occupied at Brighton. He had not come on a serious occasion or one which would allow of party discussion. Some new schools were being opened at Sheffield, and Mr. FORSTER, as a great educational authority, was asked to be present. He came with the laudable intention of showing how pleasant he could be. He would show his new friends what a cheery good-humoured man he was, and what hearty little nothings he could produce for their benefit. About a third of his speech was accordingly devoted to himself and his coming to Sheffield, and how he felt before he came and after he had got there. He had never before been at Sheffield, which he regretted most sincerely, except that he did not regret it at all, because, if he had been there before, he could not have come for the first time on so auspicious an occasion. He had read an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* which very nearly made him resolve not to come, but he read it through again, and was more resolved to come than ever. Now he had got there, he thought the new schools beautiful and very cheap, much cheaper than new schools had been found to be at Bradford. Recollecting in time that this contrast, though complimentary to Sheffield, was the reverse of complimentary to the borough which sends him to Parliament, he continued to keep up his character for universal pleasantness by remarking that the taxpayers at Bradford were delighted with their dear schools, and thought them an excellent investment, as they diminished pauperism and crime in a most wonderful way; and if the Bradford people were quite content, there was no reason why the Sheffield people, who had every prospect of attaining the same result at a less cost, should object. As to party politics and the present Ministry, Mr. FORSTER was not troubled with the misgivings that haunted Mr. FAWCETT. He had perfect confidence in the Duke of RICHMOND and Lord SANDON. They would, he was quite sure, do precisely what he would have done if he had stayed in office. He would have introduced the Scotch Educational Code into England, and so will they. He thinks the country ripe for universal compulsion, and he cannot doubt that two such excellent and sensible men agree with him. It was, as it was meant to be, a pleasant, thin, jocular speech, adapted to a provincial audience, and Liberals ought to recognize that it is by no means a bad

thing for their party that some of its leaders should study how to be conciliatory, and should make friends instead of enemies where they can. Mr. FORSTER has, however, studied the subject of education very thoroughly, and he could not make a long speech about it without saying some things that were really worth attending to. He pointed out, for example, what deserves to be borne carefully in mind when those who expect very much at first from an educational measure are inclined to grumble at the small results produced at the outset. As, under such a measure, children are brought for the first time to school at an age when they ought to have made considerable progress, they are necessarily very backward, and the standard the school attains is consequently a low one, much lower than the same school will attain when the older children have been properly trained from infancy. Mr. FORSTER also drew attention to the impossibility of allowing the distinction to remain between children who are under the Factory Acts and those who are not. If some children are allowed to work half-time and go to school for the rest after a certain age, all must be allowed to do so. Parliament, if the Government asks it, will, Mr. FORSTER thinks, be quite ready to make education compulsory up to a certain age, but after that age all children must be permitted to earn something towards their keep as well as go on with their learning. Mr. FORSTER has throughout all the recent controversies on education had the merit of trying to see the real facts with which he had to deal, and he has thus done infinitely more for education than he could have done if he had been bent on carrying out at all hazards what he thought theoretically the best system. The moderation and good sense of what he said at Sheffield were quite in keeping with all that he did in office, and he is now taking the best means of ensuring that, if he cannot himself carry out what he wishes to see done, his successors in office shall do his work for him.

#### ICELAND AND DENMARK.

THE people of Iceland are keenly interested in the new Constitution with which they celebrate the millennial anniversary of their settlement, though they are but partially satisfied with the actual form of the instrument. Of the purest blood of the North, their ancestors took refuge from tyranny and proselytism in the inhospitable region which has never since been without the elements of civilization and political life. The Icelanders still use the classical Scandinavian tongue which has been superseded on the mainland by more modern dialects; and Northern literature consists mainly in reproductions or imitations of the legendary poetry of Iceland. Remoteness has not exempted them from the discontent which has spread in modern times through all civilized communities. The Danes have committed in Iceland the same errors of policy which lost them Schleswig and Holstein; and, finally, the people of the island have insisted on obtaining the local independence which is now substantially conceded. The old system of monarchy was well suited to the prevention of jealousies among different States and provinces which might be united under a single dynasty. As Schleswig and Holstein were well content that their Duke should also be King of Denmark, Iceland was not conscious of inferiority to the other provinces of the kingdom. When the Danish Kings at a late period surrendered their absolute power, the Parliaments which became supreme claimed to govern in the exclusive interest of Denmark the outlying dependencies of the Crown. The innovation induced the people of the Duchies to invoke the powerful protection of Germany; and the Icelanders have ever since consistently resisted their subjection to foreigners with whom they felt little sympathy. The German Prince who has by unexpected fortune succeeded to the Crown of Denmark probably entertains no prejudice against any portion of his subjects. It would in any case have been fitting that the King should attend the secular festival of the island; and he secured a welcome by bringing with him a Constitution which seems likely to remove or largely to diminish existing grievances. Strangers can scarcely be qualified to judge of the merits of a provision for the government of a community which probably only needs a few constables and a reasonable system of parochial rating. There is little crime in an island where there is scarcely anything to steal; and the expenses of government must lie within a moderate com-

pass. Home rule seems natural to an almost inaccessible country which is never likely to require an army or a navy, or to be entangled in foreign relations. To the inhabitants of the South Iceland only offers the attraction of a place of occasional summer resort, and the keener interest of its early history and original romance. Antiquaries and philologists will seldom direct their attention to the modern constitutional rights and wrongs of Iceland.

It is still uncertain whether the democratic institutions of Denmark itself will ultimately be found compatible with monarchy, or indeed with any form of orderly government. Not only semi-feudal privileges, but the rights of property, are threatened by the representatives of universal suffrage, who are said to include in their number a large proportion of Socialists. It is indeed probable that the farmers and peasantry who form the most important part of the constituency only accept the support of theoretical revolutionists with the object of extorting concessions from the landowners; but when the political omnipotence of majorities is exerted for the purpose of changing the distribution of property, it is not easy to foresee the termination of the process. The KING's visit to Iceland coincides with a Ministerial change at home which will fail to restore the harmony of the Legislature. As in several English colonies, the Upper House is at variance with the Lower; and the KING has hitherto, in strict accordance with the Constitution, refused to acknowledge the absolute supremacy of the more popular body. The Volkthing, like the other innumerable copies of the English House of Commons, claims the absolute control of financial policy and the substance of political power. The Landthing has under the Constitution co-ordinate authority, but the assertion of its rights finds no favour with the democratic party. In Denmark, as in many other parts of the world, political projectors may study with advantage the almost insurmountable difficulties of creating a Second Chamber which will not produce a periodical deadlock. The House of Lords only maintains itself with the aid of its historical dignity, by the painful exercise of incessant tact and prudence. The Senate of the United States alone among Upper Chambers preponderates over the Assembly which is more directly elected, both by its legal attributes and through the general estimation in which it is held. All attempts to imitate either the Senate or the House of Lords have hitherto proved abortive. The majority, when its will is once recognized as the basis of political power, cannot be made to understand the necessity of artificial checks and balances. In the Australian colonies Legislative Councils have always ultimately been forced to give way to the Representative Assemblies, and in Canada the supremacy of the House of Commons is undisputed. The Prussian House of Lords has habitually allied itself with the Crown, which is still the centre of political power. In Austria and Italy the Upper Chamber avoids envy by abstaining from any prominent share in the conduct of affairs.

Wherever Parliamentary institutions prevail, legislation is only a secondary part of the business of representative assemblies. Sovereignty rests with the electors of the Ministers who practically govern the country. In England, although the Cabinet is a Committee of both Houses of Parliament, it holds office at the discretion of the majority in the House of Commons. The assembly which can at any moment dismiss the Ministry by a vote of want of confidence is practically supreme. It is in the nature of things impossible that the power of nominating the Executive Government should be divided. In the United States the appointment rests with the majority of the population; and consequently the power of Congress is less than that of a European Parliament, although the Senate in some respects controls the prerogative of the President. Where the Ministers are not directly or indirectly selected by popular suffrage, the government is virtually absolute if they are appointed by the Crown; and it is Parliamentary when they derive their power from an elected Assembly. In France at the present moment a compromise has been established between the Assembly and the PRESIDENT, who holds office for a fixed term of years. Marshal MACMAHON, while he claims the right of selecting his own Ministers at pleasure, habitually defers to the opinion of the majority of the Assembly when it is plainly expressed. The majority of the Danish Volkthing in their struggle against the Second Chamber may quote the precedent of the existing English Constitution. Their claim to control the appointment of Ministers would perhaps not be seriously disputed but for the revolutionary spirit which

would probably determine their choice. In the absence of accurate and comprehensive local knowledge, no prudent foreigner would form a confident judgment on the pending controversy. The strange enthusiasm of the majority of English journalists for republicanism and universal suffrage in every country but their own receives no encouragement from the Conservative classes in any part of the Continent. The application of English constitutional analogies to the present circumstances of Denmark is only claimed by the democratic party. It is perhaps natural that philanthropic sentimentalists should prefer symmetry to expediency when political experiments are to be tried at a safe distance, and at the expense of unknown aliens.

In days gone by, when the Prussian Liberal party was engaged in active opposition to the Ministers of the Crown, Prince BISMARCK delighted to irritate their leaders by assuring them that he would have acknowledged their pretension to exercise the powers of the English Parliament if only they had really held a corresponding position in the country. He declined to place a set of country lawyers and professors on a level with the great proprietors and with the recognized statesmen of England. Although his frankness may have been neither courteous nor politic, his judgment was, as usual, sound. The English House of Commons has, on the whole, notwithstanding successive extensions of the suffrage, continued to consist of the conservative sections of society and to include the ablest statesmen of the day. Its members have on the average been richer, as they have become less exclusively aristocratic; and happily, in spite of agitation, there are as yet no working-men in the House of Commons, and only two professed representatives of the working class. The Ballot has unexpectedly at the last election diminished the influence of demagogues. The feeling of the community is still so much opposed to revolutionary measures that the last Government was driven from office because its chief was with good reason suspected of indifference to the maintenance of the great institutions of the country. The shallow theorists who affect or feel sympathy with democratic movements in Spain, in France, or in Denmark, would for the most part deprecate agitation in England for similar objects. The English Constitution works tolerably well in consequence of the operation of causes which are popularly defined as anomalies, or as instances of the illogical temperament of the nation. In real life, as in physical nature, there are neither inconsistencies nor interruptions of the necessary sequence of cause and effect. The English Constitution is founded, not on prattling rhetoric, but on the result of circumstances and on long experience, which might, if it were examined, be verified by logical deduction. It is not the fault of less fortunate communities that they have been compelled to trust to chance for the practical operation of constitutions previously manufactured. The government of a numerical majority, when it has been formally and recently established, can scarcely be corrected by the fictions and evasions which in a more historical polity tend to mitigate its mischievous tendencies. The King, the Ministers, and the upper classes in Denmark have to reconcile, if possible, with the welfare of the nation crude institutions which are yet hardly half a century old. It will not be surprising if they fail in their patriotic efforts; and the issue of the struggle will probably not be determined by the interpretation of any written document.

#### FRANCE.

THE election for the department of Calvados is the most remarkable and significant of any that have taken place recently. It is not only that a Bonapartist has been elected. The new deputy was for a long time Prefect of the department under the Empire, and acquired considerable influence and popularity in the district; and it might seem as if his success was rather a personal than a party one. But the history of the votes given on this occasion, and of those given in the same department on previous occasions since the fall of the Empire, shows that much more is involved than the triumph of a popular ex-Prefect. Of the eight members returned when the present Assembly was first constituted, five were Monarchists and three moderate Republicans, and at that election a very large proportion of the constituency voted. In 1872 there was an election for a single vacancy, and a moderate Republican was returned, but a much smaller number of voters took part in the election. There were three defeated candidates,



who were respectively a Legitimist, an Orleanist, and a Bonapartist, the last only polling 3,000 votes. Now a Bonapartist has been returned with 40,000 votes given for him, defeating a Republican candidate with 27,000 votes, and a Legitimist with 9,000. It is impossible to ascribe this rise from 3,000 to 40,000 votes given in favour of the Bonapartist candidate to personal merits or attractions. The department of Calvados has returned a Bonapartist because it likes a Bonapartist better than a candidate of any other shade of political opinion. Nor is it difficult to see where his votes have come from. The Orleanists and many of the Legitimists have gone over to him. They despair for themselves, and, as they have to choose between the Empire and the Republic, they choose the Empire. They find more that suits them in an Imperial Court and in a Government that governs than in such liberty as a Republic has to offer them. They want peace, quiet, and prosperity. They are very tired of the wrangles and impotency of the Assembly. They see little in the press to make them care much for its liberty being preserved. They do not understand how a Conservative Republic is to be kept Conservative. Not that such people are burning for an Imperial restoration, or care much whether the EMPRESS and the PRINCE IMPERIAL come back one year or another. They are not Bonapartists or Imperialists; they are simply thriving, prudent people, who want a strong, settled Government, and do not want to be kept for ever in a state of suspense. They quite approve of Marshal MACMAHON being at the head of affairs so long as may be possible or may suit him, and the successful candidate in Calvados had to pledge himself to support the Septennate in order to win the votes of those who did not belong to the Bonapartist party. If it could be always vacation time, and Marshal MACMAHON could be always making pleasant tours about the country, every voter of this stamp would be perfectly satisfied. But they know that the time must come when the MARSHAL'S vacation and holiday tours will be over, and, as they are asked what they think they would like to come next, they have gradually arrived at the conclusion that, among all the bad things which are offered them, the Empire is perhaps the least bad.

The history of the Orleanists since the fall of LOUIS PHILIPPE has been a very curious one. They were the only people of whom the late EMPEROR was really afraid; for they alone had to offer France a family of Princes of conspicuous personal merits and ability. Their leaders were men of great historical eminence. The party generally had wealth, respectability, and education. They kept running their thorns of criticism and protest into the EMPEROR'S side, and the EMPEROR acknowledged that these thorns hurt him. At last the Empire fell, and it seemed possible that a BOURBON might again reign in France. The Orleanists decided that they would consolidate the Monarchical party by a fusion with the Legitimists rather than play the bolder game of setting up a King of their own. There was much to be said for this. Unless a BOURBON Monarchy was supported by the great bulk of the aristocracy and men of social eminence, it would have little to lean on, and it is always painful and generally dangerous to obtrude family dissensions on public notice. As they consented to come back as subordinate members of the family of the Count of CHAMBORD, the ORLEANS Princes kept themselves in comparative retirement. They never spoke and seldom voted in the Assembly, but on great occasions their votes were at the command of the Monarchical leaders. As they thus occupied almost a private station, they thought themselves entitled to reap the advantages as well as the disadvantages of their position; and the Assembly passed a law by which what remained unsold of their forfeited estates was restored to them. In seeking this they sought nothing but simple justice, just as in taking no prominent political part they were merely carrying out honourably the bargain they had made with the Legitimists. But there can be no doubt that both their retirement from political life and the restoration of their estates have lowered the esteem in which they are held. They were able men and of royal birth; but, when compared with the EMPEROR, they had the defect of not seeming even willing to pretend to govern; and while the EMPEROR lived his last days and died in poverty, the ORLEANS Princes had, however honestly, come into large additional revenues through the war which cost humble Frenchmen so much hard-earned cash. The leaders of the party had the courage to stick to their principles, and to keep the Count of CHAMBORD off the throne,

rather than submit to a monarch who threw dirt on everything that the sons of LOUIS PHILIPPE had been taught or accustomed to honour. They were the chief authors of the Septennate, and, as they were obliged to wait anyhow, for their King cannot be King while his cousin lives, they naturally wished every one to wait too. But, although the Government owes much to them, and although they have considerable influence personally in the Assembly, they have gradually seen their power diminishing even at Versailles; while in the country it is now shown that those who were inclined to hope and wait with them think further waiting useless, and a Bonapartist is elected without there being even an Orleanist candidate to oppose him in a department which boasts that it contains the home of M. GUIZOT.

When M. GAMBETTA was at Auxerre a short time ago he announced for the benefit of his Republican friends a truth the force of which is made more obvious every day. The Republic, he said, cannot be constituted so as to last unless it gains the support of the Orleanists. He did not mention the Orleanists, but he described the class of men he wished to win over, and, if the term Orleanist is used in a broad sense, it was the Orleanists whom he described. The Republic, if it is not to be the mere triumph of a party totally unfit to govern, must be a Conservative Republic; and to be a Conservative Republic it must be supported by known Conservatives, men who command general respect and who are certain to keep as far aloof from the Commune as any one in France. M. THIERS fell because men of this stamp would not join him in setting up a Conservative Republic, and he told them, what was indisputably true, that in upsetting him they were paving the way for the Empire. Whether the more Liberal leaders of the Right Centre could now do what a short time ago they could have done easily, and keep the Imperialists in the background by openly aiding in the establishment of a moderate Republic, or whether the time is gone by and they have missed the opportunity once for all, is uncertain. It would be very rash to conclude from the Calvados election that a serious effort to establish such a Republic would fail. The candidate who called himself a Moderate Republican was defeated by a decisive majority; but then a Moderate Republican is, under present circumstances, a person who has no chance of setting up a Moderate Republic. The result might have been very different if the Orleanists, whose votes carried the Bonapartist candidate, had been invited to support their acknowledged leaders in setting up a Government that had a promising future before it. That the Empire will be restored as soon as Marshal MACMAHON drops, or can be gently got out of the way, is as certain as anything can be in French politics, unless the Right Centre, or a considerable part of it, pronounces for the Republic when the Assembly resumes its sittings. The real doubt is whether, if the Orleanist leaders had to choose, they would prefer a Republic in which they were prominent to the Empire. They have much to sway them both in one direction and the other. On the one hand, their political principles are really identical with those of moderate Republicans, and it must be a bitter thought to them that, unless they now take a decisive stand against the Empire, their Princes will be once more sent out of the country. On the other hand, all social influences tempt them to acquiesce in the restoration of the Empire. The Legitimists will have no very serious complaints to make against them if both parties have shared an equal defeat and are equally extinguished by a Bonapartist restoration. But if, through what Legitimists would call the treason of the Orleanists, anything so hateful to Legitimists as a Republic were established, there would be endless feuds in families and in social circles, and the more eminent Orleanists, though conspicuous and prospering in public, might be very far from happy or prosperous in private life.

#### CANADA AND THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

THE fate of the negotiation for a Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States has perhaps been already indicated by the adjournment of the American Senate before it had expressed any opinion on the subject. Mr. FISH seems for some unknown reason to have deviated from the regular course of business by sending the draft of the Treaty to the Senate for consideration before it had been approved by the PRESIDENT. According to his own statement, the SECRETARY of STATE, having himself agreed to the draft, proposed to elicit from the Senate an opinion

whether it would be desirable to sign the Treaty. It was not the duty of the English Commissioners to make any comment on the relations between the President and the Senate, although they may probably have suspected that Mr. Fish's deviation from the ordinary practice indicated little enthusiasm for the conclusion of the Treaty. The result of the negotiation will be regarded in England with entire indifference, except so far as it may affect the interests and wishes of Canada. The conclusion of an equitable arrangement on any subject with the United States would excite reasonable surprise. The Correspondence which has been presented to Parliament fully explains the origin and progress of the negotiation. The Canadian Government some time since instructed Mr. GEORGE BROWN, a Senator of the Dominion, to proceed to Washington for the purpose of ascertaining whether the principal statesmen of the United States were disposed to enter into a new Commercial Treaty. The immediate object of the inquiry was to find a substitute for the mode of settlement of the Fishery claims which had been provided in the unfortunate Treaty of Washington. By the terms of that ill-omened instrument the money payment to be made by the American Government was to be settled by arbitration; and the Canadian Government foresaw that either their own country would be annoyed or the Americans would be disappointed and angry. They consequently wished to merge the question of compensation for the fisheries in a more comprehensive arrangement, and at the same time to renew the facilities of intercourse which were abruptly terminated when the United States denounced the Reciprocity Treaty in 1866. The policy of the Canadian Government was prudent and sagacious, and the agent whom they had employed returned to Ottawa with encouraging assurances. The Ministers then proceeded to request the Imperial Government, through the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, to authorize the English Minister at Washington to enter into negotiations for a Treaty with the Government of the United States. Lord CARNARVON and Lord DERBY assented as a matter of course to the proposal, and Mr. BROWN was associated as plenipotentiary with Sir EDWARD THORNTON. The Commissioners commenced their labours by drawing up for presentation to Mr. FISH an elaborate Memorandum on the commercial relations, present and past, of the British North American provinces with the United States.

The statements and arguments of the Memorandum may perhaps not be less persuasive because they are largely founded on an economical fallacy which still prevails on the continent of America, though it has for several generations become obsolete among political economists. The Commissioners think that they have proved that the traffic of which they record the history has been extremely valuable to both countries, but that the United States have from first to last reaped the largest advantage from it. In other words, Sir EDWARD THORNTON and his colleague believe in the so-called Mercantile theory which teaches that trade is a gain to the seller and a loss to the buyer. It is strange that an absurdity which was exposed by ADAM SMITH a hundred years ago should reproduce itself in an English State paper of the present day. It might have been expected that Lord DERBY would call the attention of the plenipotentiaries to a blunder which pervades the whole of their Memorandum; but perhaps it may have become a rule at the Foreign Office to abstain from all interference with the relations between Canada and the United States. The Commissioners prove by statistical tables that at all times the so-called balance of trade was in favour of the United States, and more especially that during the sixteen years' duration of the Reciprocity Treaty there was "a gross cash balance in favour of the United States of 20,454,520 dollars. But the balance was in fact much larger than this. During the first ten years of the Treaty the transactions between the countries showed a clear balance in favour of the United States of 62,013,545 dollars." It is lamentable to reflect that Canada should have incurred a loss of 12,000,000*l.* by a freedom of intercourse which the Commissioners who report the disastrous news are unaccountably endeavouring to restore. In the transactions of private life Sir EDWARD THORNTON and Mr. BROWN would probably not think that a man was necessarily a loser because he bought a commodity which he required for its price in the market. The articles which were represented by the large balance against Canada must have been worth something to their purchasers. The real advantage of reciprocity to both countries was proportionate to the interchange of commodities which amounted to more than

10,000,000*l.* a year; but perhaps it may be proper in addressing American Protectionists to use their own language, as in conversation with children. The delusion that exports are exclusively profitable is perhaps inveterate, and the Government of the United States may be disposed to listen favourably to diplomatists who in economic knowledge are not in advance of their own countrymen. It is not uninteresting to learn that during the continuance of the Reciprocity Treaty the exports of the United States to Canada exceeded those which were taken "by China, Brazil, Hayti, Russia, and her possessions, Venezuela, Austria, the Argentine Republic, Denmark and her possessions, Turkey, Portugal and her possessions, the Sandwich Islands, the Central American States, and Japan, all put together." Without following the same whimsical order of enumeration, it may be worth while to quote the statement that England and her colonies take 67 per cent. of the exports of the United States, leaving 33 per cent. for the rest of the world. The fact that Austria, Venezuela, Japan, and the other countries in the list receive a cash balance from the United States is wholly immaterial.

On the abolition of the Reciprocity Treaty, Canadian industry was stimulated to seek new outlets. The federation of the Provinces was accomplished in fifteen months; the inland water communication was greatly improved; and "the great ship-building and fishery interests received a new and vigorous impetus." The total imports and exports of the Dominion and Newfoundland amount to 48,000,000*l.* a year; and it may be doubted whether any other country with a population of only 4,000,000 enjoys equal commercial prosperity. The commerce with the United States formed in the last year of the Reciprocity Treaty 52½ per cent. of the whole. It now amounts to 35 per cent. Recurring to their favourite delusion, the Commissioners add that, whereas the cash balance in favour of the United States had amounted between 1820 and 1826 to 39,000,000*l.*, the total balance against the United States in the last seven years amounts to 10,000,000*l.* Notwithstanding all the impediments to trade which result from perverse American legislation, Canada is, after the remainder of the British Empire and Germany, the largest customer of the United States; and, again, it is stated that the balance of trade, though adverse, is less unfavourable in dealing with Canada than in the exchanges with twenty other countries which are enumerated. Of the whole imports from Canada less than 1,000,000*l.* were admitted free of duty; while 6,000,000*l.* were subjected to an average duty of 25 per cent. Of the importations from the twenty countries, about three-fourths were admitted free of duty. The Commissioners disclaim any desire to criticize the manner in which the United States think fit to regulate their duties. Their statements are only intended to show the comparatively disadvantageous position occupied by Canada, as a reason for proposing the establishment of more equitable relations. Probably no argument which could be devised would weigh less with American politicians; but some of them may be influenced by the irrelevant statements about the balance of trade. Lord DUFFERIN's statement that a one-sided treaty was impossible appears to have commanded the assent of a meeting which he addressed at Chicago; but the merchants of a great corn-mart and freshwater port have no interests opposed to freedom of trade, and Chicago would perhaps profit more largely than any other place in the United States by the free use of the Canadian canals. The domination of the manufacturers who have controlled the commercial legislation of the United States from 1861 to the present time is not yet overthrown.

At this point of their exposition the plenipotentiaries apparently began to think that they had proved too much. American economists are profoundly convinced that the gain of one party in commercial intercourse must be a loss to the other; and they may naturally inquire why, having prospered so well since the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty, Canada should now seek its restoration. The answer is sufficient, though perhaps it may not be altogether consistent with some parts of the Memorandum. "The population of the United States is 40,000,000, and that of the Dominion is but 4,000,000. The boundary between them is for the most part a surveyor's line, often unknown even to those who live beside it; and it is of the utmost importance to Canada that common interests and mutual good will should exist between the countries . . . Good as their present markets are, they would gladly have the old one in addition." If there were a question of establishing free intercourse



for the first time between the borough of Finsbury and the City of London, the general reasons suggested by the Commissioners would perhaps be deemed conclusive. For once they forget the balance of trade, and assume that an aggregate of mutually profitable bargains can scarcely constitute a collective loss. They finally propose that a long list of classified articles shall be freely admitted into both countries, that the citizens of the United States shall enjoy equal rights in the Canadian coast fisheries, and that the canals on either side the border shall be opened on equal terms to the commerce of both countries. In one passage of the Memorandum the Commissioners state that articles imported free of duty from the United States must be admitted on the same terms from Great Britain. Unless equality of treatment is secured, English commerce will be injuriously affected by the conclusion of the Treaty; and, on the other hand, American monopolists will apprehend the competition of English goods which may perhaps be disguised as Canadian products. It is on the whole the policy of England to allow to Canada almost entire commercial independence. The proposed Treaty would evidently be advantageous both to the Dominion and to the United States; and it is not desirable that the Imperial Government should interpose selfish objections. The present prospects of an early settlement are not favourable; but in some of the States the Democrats find it expedient to advocate free trade and the renewal of specie payments. The doctrines of political parties in America approximately correspond with the supposed opinions of the majority, and with the decline of the Republican party a more rational economic policy may perhaps become popular.

#### EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

AMONG the Reports of Secretaries of Legation lately presented to Parliament is one of great interest from Mr. WATSON on Education in Japan. The extraordinary movement which in a few years has revolutionized Japan and made it a new country, with new aspirations, new ideas, and new powers, has among other things shown itself in a growing thirst for education after the pattern of European nations. Previously the Japanese had busied themselves with a sort of education, for they were naturally far too quick and ingenious a race not to see in some dim way that knowledge is power. But unfortunately, under the guidance of Chinese teachers, they had devoted their energies to cultivating verbal memory; and a young man was the idol of his family and the pride of his friends when he knew 10,000 hieroglyphics by sound and sight without attaching any meaning whatever to any one of them. Now they are almost more European in their views of education than Europeans themselves. They have had the advantage of starting fresh, and have adopted the most improved systems, the newest books, the latest appliances for conducting and interesting classes. As the United States equally with England are a great power in Japan, English teaching and English books hold the pre-eminence. But Japan borrows of every one, and French, German, Russian, and even Dutch are learnt, or can be learnt by those who wish it. It is scarcely necessary to say that the main impetus comes from the Government, and that as yet it is only in those circles where the influence of the Government is most felt, and in a few large towns, that education has really begun. But the Government is determined that, if possible, the system of education shall grow until the body of the people are fairly educated, and that those who belong to the higher classes shall have an education of which no European need be ashamed. Physical science, mathematics, a thorough knowledge of the Japanese language, some knowledge of one, or perhaps two, European languages, and a creditable acquaintance with moral philosophy and the code of moral duties, are to occupy the mind or form the aim of an educated Japanese. Girls as well as boys are to receive the benefits of the system, and a series of schools, ascending from those where the rudiments are taught to those where the highest subjects are studied, has been, or will be, established. Nor is poverty to be any bar to the studious. Those who wish to pursue the higher studies, but have not the means to do so, may live and learn at the expense of the State; but they have to undertake, and to procure some friend to guarantee their undertaking, that they will either repay the State or spend a fixed length of time in the service of the Government; and obviously it will be in the

capacity of teachers that the State will for many years principally employ them.

About two years ago a law was promulgated by which the Imperial Government decreed that 53,760 schools should be established in Japan, all under the control of a central Board of Education. The whole country was to be divided into seven circuits, with the capital as an eighth, and in each circuit there was to be a High school. Then, again, each circuit was to be divided into thirty-two districts, and in each district there was to be a Middle school; and each Middle school district was to be divided into 210 subordinate districts, with a Primary school in each. This great scheme was only intended to be a sketch or programme of what with time and patience it was hoped to realize; and of course little has as yet been done to realize it. But, in one way or another, there were at the end of last year about half-a-million of persons receiving education in Government schools, and this seems a very good beginning. But the Government is well aware that it is one thing to set up schools, and another to get scholars to go to them. There is accordingly a provision by which the catastrophe of schools standing empty and teachers idle will, it is hoped, be averted. There are to be inspectors appointed in each middle school district, to each of whom twenty or thirty primary schools will be assigned. It will be their special duty to encourage the inhabitants of the district to go to school. They will also do the business part of education, will attend to the buildings and the expenses, and will confer together, and, generally speaking, exert themselves to facilitate the progress of learning; and Lord LYTTLETON will be surprised to hear that the Imperial decree specially provides that "persons shall be chosen for inspectors who are popular with the inhabitants of the district." The troubles of the 25th Clause seem to have no parallel in Japan. Education is to be entirely secular in so far as is consistent with the fundamental tenets of the Shinto faith, and the Shinto faith does not appear likely to cause much difficulty. Proselytizing is, however, to be discouraged so far as it might be conducted through the education which the Government provides; and this is very wise, as our Indian experience has shown; although, as no Christian minister will henceforth be employed in Government schools, the services of several devoted and able men who have begun the work of education in Japan will now be lost to the Government service. Private schools, however, are to be encouraged and recognized, and in these the missionary may teach what he pleases. Further, the Government, at the same time that it decreed the establishment of schools all over the country, published an elaborate programme of what it desired to see taught in the schools of the three classes. It was meant as a standard up to which teachers were to try to work, not as one which there was any prospect of seeing introduced very widely at first. In the primary school, which pupils of ages from six to thirteen are to attend, the children are to study five hours a day for six months, with every fifth day as a holiday. It is scarcely necessary to say that the three R's are to occupy most of their time, arithmetic being taught after the European method of calculation. But even the younger boys are to learn something besides, especially geography and a little natural philosophy, while one hour every week is to be devoted to "explanations of the passions," and two to oral lectures on the means of preserving health; and boys who are somewhat advanced are to be made acquainted with the forms of letters and agreements common in everyday use. At present the little boys who are to possess this knowledge are imaginary beings, but, if they ever appear in flesh and blood, it is very possible that their distant little English brethren might have something to envy in the instruction they will have received.

There were a year ago seventy-two foreign instructors employed by the Education Department, which has an American Professor as its professional adviser; and Russian, Chinese, French, English, and German are taught in the higher schools, though not perhaps all in any one. In what proportion European languages are learnt may be gathered from an example given by Mr. WATSON of a middle school where accommodation is provided for 130 pupils learning French, 170 learning German, and 300 learning English. There are 150 young Japanese who are students of medical science, 220 studying special subjects, and 300 pursuing their studies abroad, all, or almost all, of whom will in time pass into the service of the State in return for the

money spent on their education; and there are already 1,100 young men who are in Government employ after having completed their course of instruction in Japan or abroad. Outside the sphere of the Education Department the services of foreigners have also been freely and impartially employed. The principal school of medicine and surgery at Yedo is under the care of Germans, the whole teaching being conducted by German professors, without any interference on the part of the authorities; while at the Government hospital in Nagasaki there are 41 students studying medicine under the supervision of two Dutch doctors, and a Prussian has been engaged to teach these students Dutch and Latin. The Naval College and a college for marine cadets are superintended by English officers, while the education and instruction of officers for the Army and the construction of docks have been entrusted to Frenchmen; and a College of Engineers to supply the wants of the department of Public Works is to be established under English management. The services of Americans are principally engaged for the superintendence of large schools; and most of the works used in schools are translations from the publications of English and American writers. Great pains have also been taken to teach the native teachers, of whom, when the system is fully developed, there will be 50,000. Normal schools have been established for this express purpose, and the first thing which those attending them are taught is, how classes are conducted in a foreign, which apparently in practice means an American school. They are also shown how discipline is to be enforced, and classes taught to recite in concert; and a sufficient number of children attend for the young men to put their knowledge in practice. At all schools the children are made to adopt, more or less, European habits. They are obliged to sit while they learn or eat, instead of squatting on the floor. No change has been made in the costume of girls, but in many of the higher schools the boys are made to wear a uniform; and in all the higher schools food is prepared in the European manner, and the sick are treated according to the ways of European doctors. The pupils are described as on the whole very apt, quick, and desirous to learn, and they give little or no trouble. Of course there are countless difficulties to contend with. The Education Board, which knows little of its duties from practical experience, is apt to intermeddle, to give an order one day and revoke it the next. Some of the premises engaged by the Government have turned out very bad bargains. There is great difficulty in carrying on communication between foreign instructors and Japanese pupils, as the foreigners take a long time to learn Japanese and the native interpreters are so inefficient as to be nearly useless. For years the Japanese have been taught to shun and hate foreigners, and they cannot put off old habits in a day. But every great step in progress presents at its beginning its own special difficulties, and the step in progress which Japan has begun to take with regard to education is really astonishing. The EMPEROR and EMPRESS take the greatest personal interest in the work of education, and at present education in every form is the fashion of the day. If the fashion lasts, without a counter revolution to check it, for another quarter of a century, Japan may not improbably become one of the best educated countries on the globe.

#### SCOTCH AND IRISH PEERS.

THE Committee of the House of Lords which lately considered the grievances of the Scotch and Irish peers has made one recommendation which ought at once to be adopted. There can be no reason why the Crown should continue to exercise the prerogative of creating one Irish peer for three peerages which may become extinct; or why, when the number is reduced to one hundred, it should be lawful to supply every vacancy as it occurs. Sir BERNARD BURKE represented to the Committee that when the number was reduced to a hundred it would be necessary, according to the letter or spirit of the Act of Union, to prevent the number from being further reduced; but the Act merely provides that from that time a new Irish peerage may be substituted for every peerage which becomes extinct. The power of making Irish peers was retained, against the wish of the existing body, at the instance of the English Government, which had found it convenient to bestow hereditary titular dignities. It is impossible that the abandonment of the prerogative should be considered an injustice to Ireland; and the passion of recent Prime Ministers for squandering public honours

may be sufficiently gratified by making further additions to the House of Lords, and by scattering baronetcies broadcast. Mr. GLADSTONE in five years made thirty peers of the United Kingdom, and his successor has already begun to follow his example. It would be difficult to define the exact degree of merit or social and political importance which entitles a man to be more than a baronet and less than a peer of Parliament. When the Union with Scotland was effected, English Ministers had not thought of increasing their patronage by the institution of a new and anomalous dignity; nor would the Scotch peers who had formed a part of their national Parliament have approved of a degradation of their order. During the eighteenth century the privilege of sitting in the Irish House of Lords was lightly esteemed by the Englishmen who from time to time accepted Irish peerages; and for Irishmen the standard of qualification was lower than in England. GEORGE III. announces in a letter to Lord NORTH his determination to create no more Irish marquises, on the ground, amongst other reasons, of his respect for English earls. It would scarcely have occurred to the King or to his Ministers that the titles which were given as rewards for political services, sometimes of a questionable nature, would at a future time serve as a pretext for claims to seats in the Imperial Parliament. When Mr. BUTT revives an Irish House of Lords, the peers created before or after the Union will have an indisputable right, if not an inclination, to resume their legislative functions.

One disability under which Scotch peers labour must henceforth excite but little compassion. Of thirty-four who neither sit as representative peers nor as peers of the United Kingdom twenty-seven objected, in answer to a circular inquiry, to any measure which should enable them to sit in the House of Commons. The Committee nevertheless recommends the removal of the disqualification, but the Duke of Buccleugh, Lord Saltoun, and Lord Elphinstone protest against the proposal for reasons which are entitled to some weight. The prohibition has never been directly imposed, and the protesting peers contend that no permission to sit in the House of Commons could be granted to them which would not extend to all the peers of Great Britain. Before the Union Scotch peers occasionally sat in the House of Commons, as English subjects are still not rendered ineligible by the accident of their bearing foreign titles. The best known instance is that of the Lord Falkland who owes to the friendship of CLARENDON the preservation of his memory. The Treaty of Union provides that all peers of Scotland shall thenceforth be peers of Great Britain, with precedence immediately after the peers of like rank in England at the time of the Union, and that the Scotch peers shall enjoy all privileges of other peers of Great Britain except that of sitting in Parliament. It is only because they are peers of Great Britain that the Scotch peers are debarred from sitting in the House of Commons, and the disability notoriously depends on common or constitutional law, and not on any legislative enactment. It would of course be within the power of Parliament to enable a portion of the peers of Great Britain to become eligible for the House of Commons, but it is highly improbable that such a Bill could be carried against the wish of those who are principally concerned. No similar provision is contained in the Irish Act of Union, which expressly declares that no Irish peer shall be disqualified from serving as member for any county, city, or borough in Great Britain. The Irish peers in general receive coldly the suggestion that they should also be enabled to represent Irish constituencies. Even a disability may sometimes be accounted a distinction, especially when it can be explained on historical grounds. At the time of the Union it would have been inconvenient to disqualify the Irish peers who then sat in the House of Commons, but no similar difficulty applied to Irish seats. The proper place for an Irish peer is in the House of Lords, if he can persuade his colleagues to elect him as a representative. Unluckily it happens that, unless he professes Conservative opinions, he has no chance of becoming a representative peer. The Committee has declined to approve the suggestion of a cumulative mode of voting which might sometimes give a Liberal peer a chance. As the Scotch peers are almost unanimously Conservative, no mode of voting which could be devised would affect the character of their representation. It will be strange if the Liberalism of Irish peers long survives the Church Act, the Land Act, and the Home Rule agitation.



The process of establishing a claim to vote for a representative peer is more rationally arranged in Ireland than in Scotland. It seems that any intruder may tender his vote at Holyhead; and that it is a mere chance whether the unsoundness of his pretensions is discovered. The claimant of an Irish peerage lays his credentials before the Lord Chancellor, who in doubtful cases refers the matter to the Committee of Privileges. The Scotch Roll contains a list of peerages, and not of persons qualified to vote; and both in Scotland and in Ireland something might be done to correct other anomalies of detail. The question is whether it is worth while to cultivate strict symmetry in dealing with an institution of little political importance. Lord ELPHINSTONE, who is the principal advocate of the pretensions of Scotch peers, undertook to prove, by ingenious statistics, that their proportionate numbers had diminished since the Union. At that time there were 166 lay peers of England; and there are now 422 of the United Kingdom. If 45 of the number who are also peers of Scotland, and 80 who are peers of Ireland, are deducted, there will remain 297 as compared with 166, while the number of Scotch representative peers in 1874, as in 1707, is restricted to 16. There are only 34 Scotch peers who have not hereditary seats in the House of Lords, and therefore there are only 18 who are actually excluded. Lord ELPHINSTONE suggests that the number of representative peers ought, in proportion to the present number of peers of Great Britain, to be increased by 12, which would leave only 6 peers entirely without seats. It would follow from this argument that the small remnant might without inconvenience be absorbed, and that the representative peers should sit in the House by permanent and hereditary right. The fallacy of Lord ELPHINSTONE's reasoning consists in his disregard of the fact that 45 out of the 297 have been selected from the ranks of the Scotch peerage. At the time of the Union only two or three Scotch peers held English peerages, so that Scotchmen formed about a ninth part of the whole body. The 61 Scotch peers who sit either as representatives or by hereditary right now form between a fifth and sixth part of the whole number of peers of Great Britain. Lord ROSEBERRY reminded Lord ELPHINSTONE that during the present century 39 Scotch peerages have been absorbed. The continuance of the same process would dispose of the remainder within a reasonable time.

The 18 respectable gentlemen who have no seats in the House of Lords, and who have no wish to sit in the House of Commons, are partially consoled by social rank and precedence; and their sorrows are borne by their neighbours, if not by themselves, with fortitude. Three or four of the number seem to have no political opinions whatever, and nearly all the rest have the satisfaction of agreeing with the majority of the House of Lords. The Irish peers, though they are more numerous, have the advantage of being eligible to the House of Commons. They have lost little by the deprivation of the privilege enjoyed by the ancestors of those whose peerages date before the Union. The Irish House of Lords was not a venerable or illustrious assembly even during the eighteen years of independence which form the golden age of discontented Irish patriots. It is obviously out of the question to admit the whole body to the House of Lords, and the proposal of the Select Committee that four additional representative peers shall take the place of the disestablished Bishops hardly deserves consideration. When Mr. BUTT's Irish Parliament is reconstituted, the Roman Catholic Bishops will probably demand the seats which were held by the prelates in early times. The House of Lords will best show its wisdom by discountenancing any change in its existing constitution. It is not desirable to examine, with reference to expediency, rights and privileges which have their origin in custom, or to weaken the argument in favour of an hereditary assembly which is founded on the proved difficulty of providing a substitute. Life peerages and absorbed Scotch or Irish peerages are but patches on an old garment which is not even in need of mending. Mr. BRIGHT, when he was a Minister, talked with characteristic courtesy about tinkering the House of Lords; but a hint may be taken from an enemy, though it is rudely expressed. The half-dozen Civil Knights of the Bath who would like to be life peers, the 18 Scotchmen and the 70 or 80 Irishmen who are peers, but not peers of Parliament, must be content to suffer for the good of the community.

## NEW LIBERAL CLUBS.

AT the present moment the Liberal party would appear to be engaged on a curious experiment, the results of which may perhaps throw some light on the processes of political development. There can be no doubt that the party has been severely shaken by recent disasters, but there can of course be equally little doubt that at some future time it will renew its strength, and once more exercise a predominant influence on the course of public affairs. The only question is, how long it will be before this time arrives, and whether the Liberals themselves can do anything to hasten its advent. Just now their party is in pieces; can it, by taking thought, put itself together again, and make itself, by its own effort, large and strong? This is the problem which has to be solved, and it will be interesting to watch the result. It has been authoritatively announced that a vigorous effort at reorganization is about to be made, and that no means of accomplishing this object are to be left untried. All the latest appliances and improvements in the art of organizing a party are to be introduced, and the leaders of the movement are quite willing to take a lesson from the ingenuity of their opponents. The Liberals, we are told, have meditated seriously on the events of the last election, and think that they have discovered the reason why the Conservatives were so successful. It was, it is supposed, because they had so many nice clubs; and the Liberals are now determined to have as many and as attractive clubs as their rivals. In London there is to be a grand new club in the City for men of business, and there is to be another at the West End, and various minor clubs are to be set up in different parts of the country. It is expected that in this way not only will the existing Liberals be brought together, but other people will also be tempted to embrace Liberalism in order to enjoy the advantages of these delightful establishments, and that the members of all these clubs will be bound together by social intercourse of the most brotherly and loving kind, and will all work together with the most perfect harmony and devotion for the good of the party. It would appear that the Liberals have become quite cheerful in the contemplation of this agreeable prospect, and there is certainly no reason why they should not have as many clubs as they choose. It is true that this view of the tastes and functions of a great party is somewhat of a descent from the heroic elevation of a few years ago, when the stimulus of sublime principles was thought to be sufficient; but it is perhaps not unnatural that people who have not succeeded in flying should be disposed to make the best of a more vulgar style of locomotion. The plan of attracting customers by the offer of refreshments has before now been heard of in the competition of rival shopkeepers, and has indeed been improved upon by the ingenious Mr. COLE at the South Kensington Museum, where all visitors to the bar and grill-room are duly scored at the wicket as votaries of art. Mr. STANSFELD once laid down the principle that the existence of the Liberal party was an object in itself, and that the choice of measures was only a means to that end. The provision of social accommodation, if it will serve the purpose, may be gratefully accepted in preference to periodical revolution. The Liberal party will henceforth appeal for support on the ground, not only of blazing principles, but of choice cookery and well-ventilated billiard-rooms; and its programme of policy will assume the form of a bill of fare.

The number of clubs in London is rapidly increasing, and, from the advertisements of new ones which are constantly appearing, it may be doubted whether this form of enterprise really needs to be taken in hand by the noblemen and gentlemen who lead an important political party. It would seem as if there were already clubs for everybody who wanted them, and plenty of speculative wine-merchants anxious to supply any additional accommodation of this kind that may be required. The question, however, is whether the new clubs are likely to strengthen the political vitality of the party which is starting them under the most distinguished patronage. In some degree the Conservatives may possibly have derived advantage from meeting together in clubs, but it is easy to exaggerate the importance of this agency, and it does not at all follow that the Liberals will find it equally serviceable. The Reform Club has been in no want of members, but it is doubtful if in recent years it has tended materially to promote the cohesion of the party,

or to impart force to its operations. It is not in accordance with familiar experience that men are invariably led into more affectionate relations by being brought together in an intimate manner. The personal qualities which are usually found in connexion with a Conservative turn of mind are naturally favourable to peaceful and pleasant association, while they at the same time tend to assist the discipline of the party. The main reason why the Liberals recently suffered a collapse was no doubt that they had fallen away from the spirit and temper of the bulk of their countrymen, but personal causes might also be discovered for their internal disintegration. As social equality advances, any sort of distinction that will mark a man off from the ruck of his neighbours is more eagerly sought after; and political agitation offers a tempting escape from obscurity to many persons of the class from which the Liberal ranks are chiefly recruited. It has been observed that on this side of the House of Commons members are apt to accept the general guidance of a leader only on condition that on certain questions they shall be allowed to come to the front themselves, and that an inconvenient ingenuity has been displayed in inventing or discovering questions suitable for this purpose. It has been said that the Liberals are necessarily more exposed to internal dissensions than the Conservatives, because they think for themselves and consequently vary in their conclusions. It might be more correct to say that the Liberals are more prone than their opponents to take up personal points of view, and to indulge the desire for personal distinction or notoriety. The Conservatives, if more sluggish, are at least more patient and adhesive, and these characteristics are probably displayed in private as well as in public life. The independent activity of mind which some of the Liberals complacently claim for themselves is not greatly conducive to social harmony, and it is quite conceivable that persons of this class might not love each other more from meeting each other constantly. The disposition of the majority of the members of a club is towards ease and quiet, which are likely to be disturbed by the restlessness of violent reformers. There is no reason why the experiences of the Reform Club should not be repeated in a new building with another name. A club which is intended for the purposes of political agitation ceases to be a club in the ordinary social sense and becomes a mere committee-room. Some great men, like great mountains, are more impressive when under a cloud, and there is a whimsical absurdity in fancying that a Liberal neophyte will be fired to enthusiasm for his political creed by having the opportunity of seeing his leader eating a mutton-chop or playing billiards.

It is probable that the new Liberal clubs will have no difficulty in obtaining members, but it may be reasonably doubted whether they will answer the special objects of their promoters. It is necessary, no doubt, that a party should not only have a policy, but should be in working order, so as to be able to give effect to its principles, and clubs and other associations have their uses in this way. They are part of the apparatus with which a party works, but the apparatus is of little value except in the hands of people who have a distinct purpose and settled plans. The misfortune from which the Liberals are at present suffering is that they are not agreed upon any definite aims. Their stock-in-trade of practicable proposals is exhausted, and some time must elapse before new questions reach the point of growth at which they can be utilised for political purposes. The Liberal party, in fact, shares, in spite of itself, to a large extent the general mood of the nation. It would like to do something in order to show that it exists; but there is just now nothing for it to do except to watch the Government, and to supply the negative criticism which stops short at objections and proposes nothing as an alternative. It has not only to make up its own mind as to what had better be attempted, but, when that stage has been attained, it will further have to apply itself to bring round the general opinion of the country to its views. If the agreement which is now wanted could be supplied, the clubs would be quickened by the new life of the party; but it is reversing the natural order of things to imagine that the clubs will produce that harmony the existence of which is an indispensable preliminary to their own success. The truth would seem to be that it is extremely little that any political party can do directly to bring about the condition of affairs in which it is likely to be uppermost. It can

only watch its opportunities, and in a slow quiet way contribute to the formation of opinion. It must wait for the tide which will come only at its own time.

#### PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S ADDRESS.

THE address of the President of the British Association is always looked forward to with great interest as well by the literary as by the scientific part of the community. The somewhat popular constitution of the Association controls the selection of President so far as to prevent the choice of a dry specialist, however high his reputation may stand—an advantage, however, which is not much felt at the present day, when we have few eminent specialists who do not possess sufficient breadth of knowledge and interest to enable them to fill the position satisfactorily. Hence the President is generally a man well known to the public, and, as there is a tacit understanding that his address should not be too technical, the result is that we have the pleasure of hearing a statement of the achievements and prospects of science, or of some special branch of it, made by a man fully qualified to speak with authority, and with every imaginable stimulus to acquit himself as well as possible on account of the publicity of the occasion and the honour that has been done to him by his selection for the post. And there is a particular interest in the occasion when the President is a man who has not escaped taking a share in the public controversies of the day. Prevented by his position from appearing as the partisan, and yet not expected to sink his own personality so far as to avoid the subjects with which his name is connected and through which he is best known to his audience, he has the task of combining the aims of an advocate with something of the formal impartiality of a judge. In selecting Professor Tyndall for the post the Committee must have felt that they were choosing a man who was specially qualified for it. There could be no fear that he would fail in maintaining his individuality, and, on the other hand, so practised and popular a speaker might well be trusted to avoid giving offence. He has more than once, it is true, incurred great odium by the outspoken way in which he has declared his opinions, and he has been pronounced rash for so doing; but it has required only a few years to see that he had calculated better than his adversaries the amount of popular support that his views would presently obtain. His acquaintance with Germany has probably taught him that honest impatience of any concealment of opinion which is so characteristic of the country which was obliged to content itself with intellectual freedom until the fortune of war led to its becoming politically free; but he has not lost the caution of his native land. There was just as little doubt that his address would be a success when delivered as there was that it would provoke keen controversy afterwards.

In neither respect has his address disappointed expectations. It is somewhat premature to speak of the controversy it will excite, but both the subject and the treatment were such as to render it all too certain that controversy will follow. We confess that we were surprised that the President so wholly abandoned himself to elaborating one idea, and that one so distasteful to a large portion of those interested in science—the idea of the utterly mechanical nature of the universe, animate and inanimate alike. That he would touch on the so-called points at issue between science and religion was to be anticipated, but we expected that past experience would have taught him to content himself with incidental references to them, without taking one for his text. But he has shown himself to be one of those eager champions of science whose zeal will not permit them to allow science to colonize quietly district after district over which of old theology exercised a nominal sway, but who insist on the formal cession of the whole. Such champions are responsible for most of the ill-feeling between the members of the two schools of thought, if we may call them so. There would be little opposition if those parts of the universe only with which science could deal were formally claimed. No doubt theology thought it a usurpation when she was dictated to on the subject of the structure of the solar system. But she soon found that her own ideas were very vague and scant on the subject, and rested on no basis whatever, while the rival ones were clear in detail, and rested on indefeasible evidence. So she gave up with a tolerably good grace, and subsequently showed that she had so far profited by the lesson as to repeat the process with much greater grace when geology and other sciences came to take from her other portions of the unknown, which she had supposed to be beyond the reach of science and to be in her own realm. But theology still objects to make formal cession of lands which science can no more cultivate than she can, and really this tolerably harmless little peculiarity might as well be so far respected as that one should not go out of the way to provoke opposition by insisting publicly on her ceding them. Darwinianism, so far as it has been demonstrated with any degree of certainty, is as freely admitted by that part of the clergy who keep pace with the literature of the day as were the fundamentals of geology some few years ago; and when we are in a position to demonstrate the mechanical origin of life, or even to make it probable, save by a superficial generalization whose cogency varies inversely as the thoroughness of the study on which it is based, then the same people will admit the truth of this doctrine. But they have a right to demand that we shall not ante-date the possible discoveries of the future and require from them immediate belief. One of the worst effects of this course of conduct is that the



opposition which it raises renders social reformers powerless against forms of practical superstition which would long ago have vanished under the influence of growing enlightenment, had not the pioneers of that enlightenment caused it to be viewed with so much jealousy by the mentally more conservative part of the community.

It must not, however, be thought that the address was offensively polemic in tone, or even that it showed a disregard of the feelings of those who differ from the speaker on the point. A perfect conception of the tone and structure of Professor Tyndall's address may be obtained by imagining some eminently diplomatic Italian Minister of the present day—some Italian Lord Granville—addressing an influential audience, partly lay and partly clerical, on the question of the temporal power of the Pope. He would point out how in the very earliest times there had been eminent men who had doubted the advisableness of such a power and who had even prophesied its dissolution; and, while sketching the progress of this idea, he would dwell on the encroachments that had actually been made on the Pope's temporal sway, and how these encroachments had subsequently been acquiesced in, and were at present so little subjects of contention that the very persons who had been instrumental in effecting them were now honoured names. All this would be done without a trace of harshness; and if he chanced to mention that the Papal States were governed at certain periods execrably, or to dwell for a moment on the happy condition of people living at the same time but under different government, he would protest against its being his intention to impute any blame to any one, and would probably go out of his way to excuse it in some ingeniously unsatisfactory manner. He would urge that, after all, the temporal kingdom claimed was very small and unimportant compared with other kingdoms; that it could not be of importance to so great a spiritual potentate whether or not he retained this little fragment of temporal sovereignty—nay, that by challenging rivalry with other temporal sovereigns his dignity was rather diminished thereby; and he would conclude with the assurance that all felt how greatly his spiritual power differed from, and in fact transcended, aught that mere earthly monarchs claimed, and that they fully felt and rejoiced at its unassailability. But throughout the whole would run a quiet consciousness, expressed rather in style and manner than in words, that while it was well to speak thus in order that all things might be done amicably and with good feeling, it was not of the slightest importance to the thing itself; for that, whether the clerical portion of his audience liked it or not, the said temporal power must go, and that speedily and irrevocably. Just such an address was that of the President on Wednesday last. He dwelt first on the crude but far-seeing guesses of such men among the ancients as Democritus, Empedocles, and Lucretius at a scientific theory of the universe, and showed how they heralded the advance that was to be made in ages long subsequent to them, whereby domain after domain of phenomena would cease to be regarded as the results of capricious and anthropomorphic powers, and would be allowed to be under the rule of fixed laws. Then he touched on the scientific stagnation of the middle ages in Christendom, and the bitter persecution to which the forerunners of our present enlightenment were exposed. But he makes admirable excuses for this conduct of the Christian Church of that day, so that we are bound to regard the fact that warm praises of the Mahomedans follow as the consequence solely of his impartiality and his adoption of a chronological arrangement. Through Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, and Newton he passes on to Père Gassendi; and then we arrive at one of the most characteristic parts of the whole, the digression on Bishop Butler, whom he makes hold an imaginary discussion with a follower of the Lucretian philosophy. It is needless to say that the result of this dialogue is satisfactory to all parties; that if the Lucretian is shown to be too narrow in some of his views, yet the Bishop obtains his victory by arguments which, if they are not quite such as he would have used, have the greater merits of being offensive to no one, and of pointing directly to the amicable arrangement to which the address is meant to lead up. Then Darwin and Spencer come under review. Vast as are our obligations to Mr. Darwin, and greatly as he has tended to raise the reputation of English science in the eyes of the world at large, we cannot approve of such fulsome adulation of a living man as was indulged in by Professor Tyndall in relation to him. The general principle that extravagant compliments uttered in the presence of the person to whom they refer are an impertinence applies to extravagant laudations in a public address like that of the President of the British Association, if the person be alive, even though he be not actually present to hear them. These writers carry him to the extreme point of his advance. The former supplies him both with an account of the development of the physical nature of the higher forms of life and with an explanation of the cause of that development. What Darwin has done for physiology Spencer would do for psychology, by applying to the nervous system particularly the principles which his teacher has already enunciated for the physical system generally.

Adopting the conclusions of these writers, if only as provisional and imperfect solutions, at least as so far true that they can only be supplanted by others framed on the same general lines, Professor Tyndall stands face to face with the question with which he has in reality been dealing throughout—Are we still to leave to the domain of special creation the origin of life and consciousness? And here he professes himself deserted by these his latest guides (though this is hardly fair to Mr. Spencer), and, facing the question as it were alone, he pronounces in favour of the

theory that life arose from the automatic action of matter. "Abandoning all disguise," he says, "the confession I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backwards across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." The boldness of this utterance is, however, speedily toned down, though rather in form than reality. Though it is clear that the speaker would cut off religious ideas from all contact with the external world, yet religion is not to be banished from the human mind. On the contrary, he speaks of the "immoveable basis of the religious sentiment in the emotional nature of man," and is even so gracious as to intimate that it may be made useful. "The lifting of the life is the essential point, and as long as dogmatism, fanaticism, and intolerance are kept out, various modes of leverage may be employed to raise life to a higher level. Science itself not unfrequently derives motive power from an ultra-scientific source." Having thus patted religion on the back, with assurances that science does not object to it if it will kindly give up all that science wants it to give up, he proceeds to his peroration, which, whatever may be thought of its sentiment, must be credited with possessing great dignity and force. There is no concealment of the claim that he makes on behalf of science. It is true that he phrases it as a claim to the right of discussing the subjects of which he has been speaking as being within the scope of science; but the hint that at the present day the choice of "intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death" is open to us, and the reference to the "inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge," mean much more than that phrase might be supposed to connote. It means that man's life from his birth, which is its commencement, to his death, which is its extinction, is to be a subject for science, and for science alone; and though up to this time the President had maintained a most gracious tone towards the highly modified form of religion of which he approves, yet he now cannot be prevailed to make any greater concession to it than the assurance that if the human mind, after enjoying all the happiness that science and art can give, still remains unsatisfied and persists in thinking of and trying to fashion "the mystery from which it has emerged," the speaker would affirm it to be a field for the noblest exercise of the "creative faculties."

No doubt many persons will hail with delight this outspoken demand for complete freedom to regard all knowledge as scientific as opposed to religious, and they will admire the honesty of purpose which led Professor Tyndall to choose his presidential address as the occasion of his manifesto. While we fully appreciate the honesty of the motive which led to the choice, we much doubt its wisdom. As we have before said, there is not the slightest opposition on the part of any Church or religious party to any special study. Even the Ultramontanes, though they must be sorely troubled to reconcile this part of their conduct with the Syllabus, do not dare openly to object to any department of research, and only hinder it, if at all, by supporting and assisting those who attack it by arguments and other legitimate weapons. And, this being the case, we do not see why those who are not framed for special researches, but rather for being the spokesmen of science, should bring odium upon it by trumpeting forth on occasions like these such of their beliefs as are most controverted even among themselves, and are most objected to by a large part of the outside world. It does not do much to settle the questions in dispute. Professor Tyndall confesses, as of course he must, that in deciding that the atoms possess in themselves the potentiality of forming conscious beings he goes beyond evidence, and under such circumstances he cannot claim to have established a right to be followed by others. If the step be a right one, it will be taken in due course of time by mankind in general, and the way to hasten that time is by increasing the evidence on the subject, and not by rousing opposition by confessedly premature manifestoes. The world takes a long time to digest new knowledge, but it does inevitably digest it at last. When this is done, its behaviour will be affected thereby in the right way, but you cannot antedate that time by preaching what, after all, are only possibilities, not certainties. And the occasion is one which should be sacred to science, not to polemics between science and its real or fancied foes. There is too much danger of so popular a gathering as that of the British Association becoming too *dilettante* in tone and doing little or nothing for the real progress of science. Nothing pleases dabblers in science better than wide generalizations, and the less rigorous the demonstration the less difficult is it to them to master. Such people will necessarily be attracted by an address like that of Professor Tyndall, but they are not desirable members of a scientific association. On the other hand, many real scientific workers will be offended by it (apart from any religious grounds), because this light and easy theorizing, which finds no difficulties in framing hypotheses or in hypothesizing the evidence necessary to justify so doing, is positively distasteful to those who are patiently demonstrating the detailed truths of science, and who know perfectly well that it is only thus that science can be permanently advanced. It is not jealousy on their part, but it arises from a fear that the applause which attends the man who is the first to make generally known a scientific guess or discovery may not only stimulate unscientific haste in conjecture, but may lead scientific men to prefer to gain renown through the discoveries of others rather than to merit it through their own. And we think that when the direct effect of

hearing the speech has passed away, there will be not a few even of the enthusiastic audience that applauded Professor Tyndall who will be of opinion that it would have been better if the address of the President of the British Association had been more strictly confined to subjects directly connected with the immediate work of scientific discovery.

#### AN OPENING FOR THE ARISTOCRACY.

A DISCUSSION is always going on as to the classes which are most fitted for emigration, and the places most fitted to receive them. One country invites only sturdy labourers; whilst another requires men of moderate capital. As a general rule, however, it seems to be agreed that the classes which make their living by their brains had better stay at home. Intellectual accomplishments are more highly valued in comparison with mere muscular excellence in an old than in a new country. In short, people with brains and without either money or muscles had better be content to stay in England. To this rule, however, there is evidently one exception. We are glad to discover that there is an excellent opening upon the other side of the Atlantic for a class which is perhaps not so numerous amongst ourselves as is sometimes suggested, but of which we may at least say that the supply always exceeds the demand. There are, in short, a certain number of young gentlemen of good birth and decent education who are gradually going to the dogs. We have but too frequent opportunities of witnessing some of the stages of this melancholy process. Novelists have described the successive phases of the development. We know them all, from the young gentleman who is inclined, in gentle language, to exceed his income, to the unfortunate being who has sunk to a billiard-marker, a recruit in the Zouaves, or even a crossing-sweeper or a sandwich-man. The details vary, but the general nature of the process is painfully monotonous. One provoking peculiarity of the race is its tendency to be always turning up again. One's respectable relations sometimes appear to set a very slight value upon the family tie; but it is annoying to see the tenacity with which your third cousin once removed will assert the right of his blood, if only he happens to be a thoroughpaced cheat and scapegrace. It would therefore be a public benefit if some region could be discovered in which such people might receive so warm a welcome that they would not be disposed to leave it. If any of our readers (we beg pardon for so strange an hypothesis) happen to be thoroughly unprincipled, and find it increasingly difficult to work upon the benevolence of their relations, we have much pleasure in referring them to the career of the "Right Honourable Lord Gordon." It is often said after dinner that Englishmen and Americans are united by the closest of ties; and references to Shakespeare, Milton, and Cromwell are adduced to confirm the theory. There is another connexion not so generally avowed, but which is in one respect even closer. Americans at times can occasionally be more English even than the English themselves. "Our loyal passion for our temperate kings" is appreciated in America, but cannot well be exceeded; but our love of a British noble has its limits. We recognize the fact that a man who calls himself honourable may sometimes be little better than an impostor; and here, it seems, the American goes distinctly ahead of us. Love for the British aristocracy, which is of course to be commended in moderation, is pushed on the banks of the Mississippi to an excess which we can hardly approve. So warm is the devotion of those simple-minded democrats to the title of lord, that they will not even entertain the possibility of its being falsely assumed. Even the most hardened of rogues must surely shrink from committing such a profanity as to claim alliance to the British peerage without a real claim to the honour. Such, at least, is the only theory which will give a logical justification for the behaviour of the good people of Minnesota to our distinguished countryman. A gentleman, it seems, came to the principal hotel at St. Paul's in that State some three years ago, calling himself G. Gordon. He preserved an aristocratic reticence as to his true character; but it "came to be understood" that he was a nobleman of immense wealth, and that he intended to import a colony of Scotchmen from the family estate. His note-paper was stamped with a coronet; and the Minnesotans darkly whispered amongst themselves that it was the mystic symbol which in England implies an earl's dignity. Though his modesty prevented him from calling himself "lord," he accepted the designation when it was volunteered by his acquaintance. The Northern Pacific Railway Company was thrown into a fine frenzy of enthusiasm. It invited the Scotch nobleman to inspect the territory at its disposal. A party was organized with long trains of waggons, provisions, servants, and French cooks. Champagne flowed freely at every meal; and three months were consumed in a delightful trip through a most interesting country. The expense of the excursion amounted to 15,000 dollars; but it is said that the officials do not much like to talk about it. Lord Gordon returned delighted with his hosts, delighted with the country, and delighted with everything, but then somehow faded away into the dim distance. The Scotch colonists never came, and the lands were never bought.

Such a success was creditable; but Lord Gordon Harcourt Gordon—that appears to have been his full title—meant it to be a mere stepping-stone to further and still more glorious adventures. What follows, indeed, is so amazing that we find it difficult to believe in it, even on good evidence. Of all cities in the world, New York is supposed to possess the keenest speculators. Amongst

all the speculators in New York, few, it may be presumed, can be put beside those skilful gentlemen whose management of the Erie Railroad has become proverbial. Considering, too, what cruel imputations have been made upon their character by the outside world, one might suppose that, if they had any weakness, it would not be that of a too easy credulity. To take in Mr. Jay Gould is an enterprise in the annals of swindling which we can only compare to an attempt to outmanœuvre Moltke, or to impose a modern daub for a genuine Raffaele upon the Director of the National Gallery. And yet nothing less would satisfy this gallant Gordon; who, one would suppose, must have been the object of some suspicions after the performance at Minnesota. And yet he came, saw, and conquered. He trusted in the coronet upon his note-paper, as Constantine trusted in the sign of the cross; and his trust was justified. The talisman of an English peerage has indeed wonder-working powers in America. It is a loss to literature that his lordship has not survived to write his memoirs and give us full details of this most gallant of exploits. All that we are told is that he graciously accorded an interview to Mr. Jay Gould; that he represented himself as in some way empowered by the English shareholders; and that hereupon Mr. Gould placed in his hands 200,000 dollars in cash, 300,000 dollars in shares, and his resignation as President of the Erie Company, to take effect on the appointment of a successor. Besides this, Mr. Gould entrusted Lord Gordon with \$36,000, with which Gordon was to present a farm to Mr. Greeley, as a mark of favour and as an inducement to be favourably regarded by the *Tribune*. And here, alas! Lord Gordon culminated. He was suspected, forced to disgorge much of his plunder, and cruelly cast into prison. He managed, indeed, to escape for a time, but was at length arrested on the complaint of some previous victims in Edinburgh, and ended his career by blowing his brains out. He had lost his Waterloo, but had not the long-suffering of Napoleon. Who can say but, if he had been patient, he might have had another hundred days of glory, champagne, and adulation from railway companies? But no man, however great, is armed at all points. We must pity rather than condemn him too sternly. After all, whatever success might have awaited him in the future, he had probably had the most glorious triumph ever won by a swindler with so few advantages; and to have cheated even the people of Melbourne and Sydney after making the conquest of New York would have been a triumph unworthy of so great a soul.

The story, as it stands, is sufficiently instructive. Why should any disreputable young nobleman stay at home? In England he must of necessity be more or less a drug in the market; and his pretensions can be too easily subjected to a severe scrutiny. In every country town there are some people who know the Peerage as well as their Bibles, and would be able to estimate the true value of his relationship to a great man. After taking in a confiding tradesman or two, and living for a few days at a grand hotel, vengeance must inevitably descend upon him. But in the Far West, where a downright cheat can obtain such startling results, what might not be effected by a man who had really some substratum of fact to support his pretensions? If the mere glimpse of a coronet on a sheet of note-paper attracts such offers, what would not be the value of genuine credentials, such as even a black sheep might easily obtain from his family? The mines which have been worked by confiding Englishmen in America have not always turned out to be a great source of wealth to their proprietors. But evidently there is a mine in the unfeigned enthusiasm of the genuine democrat for an English lord from which the most dazzling profits may be extracted by skilful management. We must fear, indeed, that Lord Gordon has rather injured the prospects of his successors. Like the Spanish conquerors of Mexico, he has left but small gleanings for those who shall come after him. Yet there must be many pickings still left in the remoter parts of the country. A man who cannot dig and is ashamed to beg may still find ample employment in the third great department of industry by which fortunes may be realized. Poor Gordon's suicide will probably tend to throw discredit on his trade, but that is only another proof that ambition may aim too high. If he had had the sense to retire at the right moment to some country where extradition treaties are not in existence, he might even now have been living like a prince, and possibly have founded a family from the plunder of Jay Gould. If our modern nobles, as indignant democrats sometimes tell us, owe their origin to piratical enterprises, why should not the nobles of the future trace their descent from the pirates in kid gloves of our days? A century or two hence, moreover, the story might be altered, and the primitive Gordon be supposed to have been a Pilgrim Father or a Revolutionary general. Meanwhile, to use the customary formula, his story will not have been written in vain if it persuades only one outcast from the English nobility to live upon the plunder of foreigners instead of being a burden on his own relations.

Finally, we must say a word for the admirable illustration thus afforded of the truth of the familiar line about the

Fears of the brave and follies of the wise.

We may now add the simplicity of the cunning. It is really pleasant to find that Mr. Jay Gould has some human weaknesses. We have been so much accustomed to look upon New York financiers as a superior order of beings that we are glad to discover that they sometimes fall into traps as well as set them; and we admit that we feel a certain glow of national pride when we think that these acutest of mortals have been taken in by an Englishman. Saratoga and Yorktown are to some extent avenged.



## THE "TITLE OF REVEREND."

MEN'S minds have been of late so largely given to ecclesiastical questions that it is not wonderful that, now that the Silly Season has set in, its little showers and breezes have taken an ecclesiastical character. The letter of the Bishop of Lincoln about giving the title of "Reverend" to a Wesleyan minister came at a happy moment for the tribe who, as soon as the Session of Parliament is over, run to show off their small learning in the shape of letters to the *Times*. There can, we think, be no doubt that the Bishop was wrong. No kind of principle is involved in giving the "title of Reverend" to a Dissenting minister. The thing is so wholly indifferent that the man who held the highest notions of sacerdotal power and dignity might do it without giving up one jot of his position. We have heard of a man who was so orthodox that, whenever he passed a place of Nonconformist worship, he used to cross himself and spit. We have heard of another who, being himself the son of a Nonconformist minister, reached that pitch of zeal that he made it a matter of conscience always to direct to his father, not as "Reverend," but as "Esquire." Now we venture to think that in this last case the description of "Esquire" must have been, from any point of view, as inaccurate as "Reverend"; and even the man who crossed himself and spat, if he could have brought himself to do an act of courtesy to such a priest of Baal as he must have deemed the occupant of the tabernacle, might have done that act of courtesy without any damage to his own faith in the exclusive divine commission of duly ordained bishops, priests, and deacons. We can understand a Roman Catholic refusing to give the name of Bishop to an Anglican prelate whom he does not hold to have been validly consecrated; we can understand an Anglican refusing to give the title of Bishop of Beverley or Birmingham to one whom, though he holds him to be a true bishop, he does not hold to have any lawful jurisdiction at Beverley or Birmingham. Few people would see any surrender of principle in giving the mere title; still it is quite intelligible that there may be a real scruple of conscience either way. To call a man bishop or priest whom the speaker does not look on as a lawful bishop or priest may to very scrupulous minds seem like the assertion of a falsehood; but in adding or not adding a mere adjective prefix of "Reverend" to a man's name there can be no question of principle any way. Such an adjective is a mere piece of courtesy which involves no doctrine and no fact. To call a man "Reverend," or worthy of respect, involves no question whatever as to the validity of a man's orders; it does not necessarily imply that he claims to be a minister of religion at all, for we have before now seen such a formula as the "Reverend Judges." If any scruple could arise, it would be about calling a man "Reverend" whose personal conduct did not entitle him to respect, just as the same scruple might be raised as to calling a man "honourable," "learned," or "gallant," who may personally not deserve the adjective which courtesy attaches to all members of his rank or profession.

"Honourable" and "Reverend" are in truth mere adjectives of courtesy, exactly like "learned" and "gallant." It is simply by accident that the one pair of adjectives sticks closer to their bearers than the other pair. In any formal description we always call the peer's son "Honourable So-and-So," and the clergyman "Reverend So-and-So"; but though the barrister and the naval or military officer are in certain formulae spoken of as "learned" and "gallant," we do not in any case speak or write of the one as "Learned John Snooks" or of the other as "Gallant Peter Tomkins." It might have so happened that, as an ordinary clergyman is called Reverend, a Dean Very Reverend, a Bishop Right Reverend, and an Archbishop Most Reverend, so an ordinary barrister might be called Learned, a Queen's Counsel Very Learned, a Puisne Judge Right Learned, and a Chief Justice Most Learned. And if the army had adopted a like ascending scale of gallantry, we might have questions raised whether Volunteer officers were entitled, any more than Nonconformist ministers, to the special adjective belonging to their Volunteer rank. It is mere chance that "learned" and "gallant," though the accepted adjectives for two professions, have not actually become part of the personal style of each member of those professions. "Honourable" and "Reverend" have stuck much closer, and of the two "Reverend" has stuck much closer than "Honourable." No peer's son puts "Honourable," no Privy Councillor puts "Right Honourable" on his card. But every clergyman, as far as we know, puts "Reverend" on his card, and we have even seen so grotesque a formula as "Rev. and Mrs. A. B." Now a man may very properly put "Lord" or "Sir" on his card, because those words are strictly titles which merely mark the fact of his rank; but the adjectives "Honourable" and "Reverend" are strictly, not the description of a certain rank or profession, but the assertion of the virtues which are thought to become that rank or profession. A man may very properly tell another that he is a peer or a baronet, which are simply facts; he should not himself tell you that he is "Honourable" or "Reverend," as that is a point about which there may be a difference of opinion. But, as things now stand, the conventionally "Reverend" man asks us, almost orders us, to revere him, while the conventionally "Honourable" man more modestly waits till we honour him of our own free will. In fact, to the clerical mind at least, "Reverend" has ceased to be a mere respectful adjective like the others; it has got to be looked on as being something even more than the description of a profession; it has almost come to be the assertion of a doctrine. In short, all these adjective titles, or, more strictly, adjective descriptions, from "Most Noble" and "Most Reverend" down to "Reverend," "learned,"

and "gallant," are simply cases of the old fashion of not speaking of any man without some respectful epithet. There was a time when people applied such epithets almost as they pleased, but usage has gradually settled what adjectives are to be given to this or that rank, office, or profession. But all this is simply a matter of usage, not of principle. To use any of them wrong, to leave one of them out where it ought to be used, to put one of them in where it ought not to be used, is at the worst a sign of rudeness or ignorance; it involves no misstatement of fact. Usage settles the whole thing. If usage dictates that the Dissenting minister should be called "Reverend," the man who looks on his claims to the ministry as a mere imposture may still give him the description which usage prescribes, just as he may without scruple of conscience apply the adjective "Honourable" to a peer's son whose personal conduct he knows to have been dishonourable, or the adjective "learned" to a barrister whose stock of legal knowledge he may know to be very small.

The stiffening of all these honorary adjectives, which were once bestowed with a good deal of free choice on the part of the bestower, into mere titular prefixes has necessarily happened gradually, and the stiffening took place in the higher ranks earlier than in the lower. But even in the higher ranks they cannot be looked on as quite settled during the seventeenth century. In the present ordination services the Archdeacon, or whoever else presents the candidates for the orders of Deacon and Priest, addresses the Bishop as "Reverend"—not as "Right Reverend"—"Father in God." But the Bishop who presents the Bishop-elect for consecration addresses the Archbishop as "Most Reverend Father in God," and it is plain that this same address must be used when, as sometimes happens, the chief officiating Bishop at a consecration is not an Archbishop. We have before us a portrait of Bishop Pearson prefixed to the fifth edition of his Exposition of the Creed, bearing date 1683, in which he is described as "Reverendus in Christo Pater," not "Reverendissimus" or "admodum Reverendus"; but, to show how unfixed the use of adjectives of this kind still was, Pearson himself, in his dedication addressed to his parishioners of Eastcheap, describes them as "The Right Worshipful and Well-beloved." In Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*, printed in 1691, Wharton, writing in 1689, addresses his dedication to Sancroft as "Reverendissimus in Christo Pater ac Dominus," but he begins in the vocative case, "Illustrissime præsul," which has never become a formal description of an English Archbishop. It would take a good deal of trouble, more perhaps than the thing is worth, to trace the exact time when each adjective stiffened from a complimentary epithet into an adjective title. Some such epithets have never come into conventional use at all. Thus, in the sixteenth century, a lady was sometimes addressed or described as "right virtuous," but "Right Virtuous" certainly never became a formal title of anybody. Among the clerical descriptions we fancy that those of Deans and Archdeacons, "Very Reverend" and "Venerable," are the most modern of all. "Vir venerabilis" was, at least as late as the sixteenth century, a common way of speaking of any man, clerical or lay, whom the speaker delighted to honour, and we have seen books in the last century, and we think in the present, in whose title-pages an Archdeacon is described simply as "Reverend." The correspondents of the *Times* are doubtless right in the inferences which they make from title-pages and parish registers to show that, all through the seventeenth century, "Reverend," as applied to a clergyman, was simply a complimentary adjective, often coupled or alternating with some other complimentary adjective, the title being Mr. or Dr. according to his degree. We remember two editions of Hooker, in one of which he is described as "that learned and judicious divine, Mr. Richard Hooker," and in another as "Mr. Richard Hooker, that godly, learned, judicious, and eloquent divine." Here we have a number of epithets among which "Reverend" is not found. None of them has stuck to the clerical order as a whole, though one of them has stuck to Hooker himself. "Reverend" doubtless stuck more easily than any other simply because of its vagueness; but it certainly did not become a merely conventional title till the last century, and traces of its earlier use lingered on till our own time. Thirty years back the University preachers at Oxford were always announced as "Rev. Mr. B."; that is to say, the man bore his title as a Master of Arts with the complimentary adjective "Reverend." Now it is "Rev. John B.," the title being lost in the adjective.

As for the correspondents of the *Times*, a seventeenth-century poet bids us not to scorn to "pick out treasures from an earthen pot." Here and there a fact may be learned even from the blunderers, or from that class yet more amusing than the blunderers—those who have got hold of a truth, but who put it in such a way as to show more ignorance than any blunder. This peculiar gift seems to be a special inheritance of those who write the "table-talk" in the *Guardian*. But it comes out also in a very respectable measure in some correspondents of the *Times*. Anyhow we must put on record, as the very first fruits of the present Silly Season, the state of mind of Mr. Brooke Lambert, who writes from Tamworth to explain to the world, with no small degree of triumph, that he does not know the difference between a Nonconformist and a Non-juror. This is a promising beginning, which it will be hard for any later practitioner in the art to outdo. Mr. Brooke Lambert is in such a desperate hurry to be thankful for a very small mercy that he sees a sign of liberality towards the Dissenting brother where the entry, if it marks anything, really marks sympathy with one who clave to the Popish Pretender, and refused the

oaths to the Protestant sovereign. Here is Mr. Lambert, Reverend doubtless, if not learned, to speak for himself:—

I am thankful, for the honour of my parish, to say that it was not withheld even in a case which reminds one of the matter discussed at the Camborne Conference. It fell to the lot of one of my predecessors to bury a Nonconformist. The entry of the burial is as follows, 1736-37:—"10 March, buried ye Rev. Thomas Worthington, a nonjuror of Tamworth." In this he only followed the example of an earlier vicar, who, when "Thomas Flavell, Presbyterian teacher of Tamworth," died, allowed him the prefix of Mr. (Master)—a prefix used with great parsimony in those days.

For Mr. Lambert there may be a possible excuse that the early associations of Tamworth, the mound of Æthelfied and the minster of St. Edith, may have so occupied his mind that he feels ill at ease in such modern times as those of Nonjurors and Nonconformists. But what are we to say to the other gentleman, learned doubtless, if not Reverend, who writes from the Temple by the name of "S. P."? He is really worthy of being preserved at full length:—

Sir,—The letter of the Rev. Brooke Lambert in the *Times* of to-day is not only exceedingly interesting, but valuable for the results of labour and research displayed.

One of the instances, however, is scarcely strong enough in itself to support his argument. The term "nonjuror" did not necessarily imply a Nonconformist, and the Rev. Thomas Worthington, dying in 1736-7, might have been entitled to the prefix Reverend as having been an ordained priest of the Church of England, at the same time he would have been properly described as a nonjuror if, in consequence of his attachment to the exiled Royal family, he had declined to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy to the Hanoverian dynasty. The conjecture—for, of course, it is nothing more—that Mr. Worthington was one of the survivors of the Carolinean and Jacobean clergy is certainly not weakened in its probability by the date of his death, and you will observe his age is not given.

I am, sir, yours obediently,

S. P.

Temple, August 13.

This is really perfect. Mr. Lambert's blunder, as a blunder, is first-rate, and is not likely to be soon outdone. But "S. P." is master of the higher art. Nobody can deny any one of his propositions. The ingenious man who wrote a book to prove that Mahomet never was a Cardinal at Rome hardly gets beyond the learned gentleman who tells us that the term Nonjuror did not necessarily imply a Nonconformist. In short, if the season goes on as it has begun, it will be one of the shortest on record.

#### CASABIANCA-ISM.

OF all the lore which Hodge imbibes at the fount of Hemans, there is probably none which makes a deeper impression than the lady's well-known lines on the youthful hero of the *Orient*. There is hardly a school-book series in which they do not figure; hardly an elementary school in which they are not over and over again committed to memory. The secret of the favour which the little poem has met with at the hands of educationists is not far to seek. Youth is inclined to unruliness and indiscipline; it is highly politic, therefore, to enforce the opposite virtue of obedience to order by a shining example, and a story which cannot fail to enlist the enthusiastic sympathy of childhood. The harassed pedagogue has good reason for trying to instil into his pupils a fervent admiration of the "boy on the burning deck," if it induces them to remain steadily at the post or task which he has assigned to them. But there is this inconvenience in teaching by models, that their influence may be too potent and preponderant, and that they may disturb the moral and intellectual equilibrium which it is the aim of education to establish. Obedience is a fine thing for the young, but it is possible to exaggerate its importance as a guide for human conduct. Mere obedience will not fit a youngster for dealing with the various and complicated emergencies of life. Presence of mind, resourcefulness, a capacity for intelligent initiative, are equally necessary ingredients in the formation of character. It is just because Mrs. Hemans's little poem operates as a discouragement, if not as a tacit rebuke, to these much-needed qualities that we are inclined to regret its immense popularity, and that we should be glad if Lord Sandon would signalize his tenure of office by decreeing its excision from the school-books on the list of the Education Department.

Let us attempt to define with something like precision the phrase which we have ventured to place at the head of these remarks. By Casabianca-ism is to be understood a blind adherence to the letter of an order, or of an engagement, or to a state of things, when all the conditions under which the order was promulgated, or the engagement entered into, or the state of things came into existence, have essentially altered. Of course it was an act of sublime obedience in Casabianca to remain where his father had told him, to perish in the flames, and in a child such an action was not only magnificent, but perfectly intelligible. But had he possessed the mental flexibility which comes with maturer years, he would probably have perceived that the tremendous change in the state of things on board the *Orient*, since his father's order was given, virtually cancelled that order, and restored to him his freedom of action. When the order was given the vessel was intact, and in good fighting condition, and it was presumably for some useful strategic purpose that he was stationed at his post. His father was alive to direct the movements which the occasion required. The case was entirely altered by the course of subsequent events. The ship had caught fire; all but he, as Mrs. Hemans tells us, had fled; the Admiral had fallen in the conflict. In this new aspect of affairs, what he should have done, had he been as quickwitted as he was brave, was to have reconsidered his situation and the duty which had been

assigned to him, from the point of view of the exigency which had supervened, and of his father's wish, had he been alive, in the new crisis, to express it. The last thing his father would have desired was that he should stay to perish in the final explosion. Instead of indulging in that series of appeals to the wind which our poetess has emphasized with so much pathos, he should have flung himself into the waves, and endeavoured to save a life so precious to his family and to France. The annals of heroism would have been poorer by one illustrious example; but, by way of compensation, Mrs. Hemans would not have written her little poem, and the sanction of a most popular lyric would not have been given to the notion that there is no room for the exercise of common sense in the interpretation of an order, that an engagement must be fulfilled to the letter, no matter how radical the change in subsequent circumstances, and that duty does not admit of an intelligent discharge, but is a fetish enslaving the mind, or paralysing it, like the circle of chalk traced round the silly hen, into imbecility.

Perhaps there is no class who exhibit more signal proof of having laid to heart this lesson of their childhood, and of shaping their conduct by it, than the class of domestic servants. Nothing they like better than for their masters to commit themselves to a string of standing orders for the regulation of household details, which will save them the trouble of thinking, rid them of all responsibility, and reduce them from rational beings into mere machines. What they most shrink from is a discretion, the mental labour of a doubt or a hesitation. They like to have their path made plain to them by clear unelastic rules, to which they may cling with blind unswerving fidelity until they are expressly cancelled. Master has said it, and until he unsays it, come what may, the thing is to be done. You are a man of many books and papers, and have a salutary dread of the matutinal pitchfork wielded by Eliza the housemaid. Of two evils, dust or chaos, you prefer dust. So you promulgate an order that the contents of your library-table, pigeon-holes, and shelves shall be as far as possible respected. But in giving this order you have never meant of course to interdict the intelligent use of the duster. Nevertheless the Casabianca fetish at once operates in the faithful Eliza's mind. She takes her stand mentally on a "burning deck" of her own, and is prepared to see cobwebs overspread your shelves and dust accumulate inch-deep on your writing-table, before moving a finger in contravention of her master's order. Or you are an enthusiast for fresh air, and it is a standing instruction to the housemaid that when after breakfast you leave for chambers, your windows shall be flung wide open. Of course not in all weathers; and had you been by when the darkening heavens gave warning of a tropical downpour, you would naturally have closed them. Not so does your Casabianca in petticoats interpret her duty. She will stick to the order you have given—*rust calum*. So you return to find your chintz curtains splashed and smirched, and a pool on your pretty Brussels carpet. The mildness of two successive March mornings induces you to order that in future the fire shall not be lighted in the breakfast-room. The third day comes a frost, a nipping frost; you descend to find that your order of yesterday has only been too literally obeyed, and to eat your toast with teeth chattering with the cold. With teeth chattering from the cold you straightway order that the fire shall henceforward be lighted; and lo! on the first balmy, spring-like morning you descend to find yourself roasted like your own toast before a fire which rivals the fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezzar the King. Nor is John Thomas at all behind Eliza in assimilating and acting upon the lesson engraved on his memory by the school-book of his early years. Studious of economy, you issue a ukase against domestic expense. But of course you have never meant to place a veto on the needful repair of your wardrobe. Nevertheless your order is so interpreted by your faithful Casabianca in livery; and, pending its recall, you watch with a melancholy sort of interest the unchecked decay of your boots and the progress of the moth fretting your garments. With the terror of a builder's bill before your eyes, you have forbidden any hasty recourse to that costly functionary. But you are far from intending to expose the inmates of your household to the risk of typhoid fever through the want of a little timely attention to the drains. Yet you find on your return from the sea-side that you have been betrayed into this inhuman attitude by the blind adherence of your Casabianca of the pantry to the letter of his instructions. Anxious for an interval of thorough repose, you desire that no letters be forwarded to your retreat in the country. But a communication on Her Majesty's Service, with the signature of the Minister in the left corner of the envelope, was plainly not intended to be included in this general embargo. It is with dismay that you find on coming back that your prospects are seriously compromised by its having lain unanswered for a fortnight. You issue an order that during certain hours of the day you will be denied to all the world. But of course you never intended it to apply to your cousin the rich Indian nabob, whose rupees you are not without some hopes of inheriting. Yet you learn on inquiry that this important and irritable relative has been turned in dudgeon from your door by the Casabianca who acts as your janitor. An amusing story is told in the *Life of Faraday* which illustrates the excess of fidelity of which the domestic of the Casabiancan type is capable. The great chemist had a servant, whose office it was to keep up certain furnaces in his laboratory at an even heat. In the evening the good man was released from this duty. But one night his master, absorbed in thought, retired to bed, without giving his attendant the usual permission



to depart. On entering the room on the next morning he found, to his astonishment, the faithful man still stoking the glowing fires as he had continued to do all the night long. Not having received an express order to retire, he had not ventured to desert his post, although, unless he was a perfect idiot, he must have known that his long vigil was useless, and, by unfitting him for the next day's work, mischievous. We can see nothing to admire, as a gushing reviewer found, in this trait. A much slighter effort of reason than that which the inferior animals exhibit would have led the man to see that his master's retirement for the night implied his own dismissal. Not to have perceived this argued a defect of the imagination and a torpor of the understanding which, one would think, must have led Faraday to avail himself of his future services in fear and trembling, and with the consciousness that he was attended by an Oriental slave, spell-bound by the order of a superior being, rather than by an Englishman of average intelligence.

But Casabiancas are to be met with in plenty out of the ranks of domestic service, and their disastrous action is felt in more serious matters than the small mishaps of domestic life. Not a few unhappy marriages, for instance, may be traced to the stolid fidelity to an engagement when all the conditions under which it was contracted have altered, and when, if the parties thereto were wise, they would suffer it to lapse. In his "young and curly" days the clerical Damon plights his troth to some rustic Phyllis, the cynosure of neighbouring curates. The young couple are too poor to marry, and must wait indefinitely for the college living of which Damon, as Fellow of S. Gregory's, Camford, has expectations. But the vacancy is long in coming. The obstinate longevity of the actual incumbent of the rectory of Monklands-in-the-Fen dooms them to long and weary years of deferred hope. Meanwhile their tender transports become cooler. Damon consoles himself with Art and Æstheticism, with Long Vacation rambles and Common-Room port. Phyllis has a much harder lot, the monotony of which is broken only by the gleam of excitement with which she studies each morning the obituary of the *Times*. At last the over-ripe plum falls. Monklands is vacant, and they are free to marry. But Damon is no longer the Damon of a quarter of a century ago; he is a confirmed old bachelor with luxurious tastes. Phyllis, too, is sadly altered. Years of waiting have told upon her spirits and temper, and she is now a sour and snappish old maid. If they were wise they would recognize the logic of facts and agree to a mutual release. But no, the Casabiancan punctilio demands its victim. The engagement which Damon contracted at two-and-twenty he must fulfil as a sexagenarian. So they marry, and are wretched for the residue of their joint lives. The sympathy of the British juryman for the Ariadne of modern life is notorious, and it has been carried of late to somewhat extravagant lengths. But it is impossible for more dispassionate judges not to feel something like admiration for the good sense shown by not a few defendants in actions for breach of promise in retreating from the "burning deck" of ill-assorted wedlock at the cost of swingeing damages.

In public life as well as in the transactions of private and domestic existence Casabiancas abound. Their path through history is strewn with disasters or blunders. What a fine specimen of the type, for instance, is furnished by Charles I., clinging in Puritan times to prerogatives the exercise of which had been possible under the absolute Tudors, and perishing in defence of them on the "burning deck" of revolution; and again by George III., taking his stand on the "burning deck" of Irish disaffection in defence of his Coronation Oath, and refusing at the risk of a civil war to concede Catholic Emancipation. The fact is that there is in the English nature overmuch sympathy with heroic pedantry, and too little with the much rarer quality of wise audacity which discerns the moment for disobeying an order, brushing away an engagement, or breaking with a system no longer entitled to be binding, and which does not shrink from acting on its intuition. Mrs. Hemans has given quite innocently an impulse to the contrary course of action. She has invested blundering fidelity with the halo of lyrical fame, and encourages in her young readers the temper which would rather do the wrong thing under the shelter of authority than the right thing on its own unauthorized initiative. If the poem is to retain its place and its wonderful popularity in the school-book of the period, at least its effect ought to be counterbalanced by that of another short lyric in which some act of brilliant and happily-timed insubordination is commemorated; say, a few stanzas on Nelson's refusal to notice his admiral's signal at the battle of Copenhagen.

#### COMPARATIVE HEALTH OF WATERING-PLACES.

**A**MONG various causes which lead people to one sea-bathing or water-drinking place rather than another, the statistics of the Registrar-General have doubtless some influence, although less perhaps than the compilers of them suppose. An invalid whose doctor recommends a "bracing" air in August would not be deterred from visiting a place where deaths from throat and chest complaints had been above the average in March. Indeed invalids are so much influenced in this matter by their doctors that they probably derive benefit from particular places as much through the imagination of salubrity as through its reality. To a great extent one place is as good as another, and a fashionable doctor who represents one place as better than another propagates a harmless, or even valuable, delusion. If it should happen that the

doctor is interested in property in the place which he recommends, that fact, although it may bias his judgment, will not greatly prejudice his patients. They believe that the place suits them because he tells them so, and their faith helps to make them whole. The notion that good air prevails in only a limited district may be compared to that which confines the reputation of a particular wine to the produce of a single hill. There are no doubt some instances of special favouritism of nature, but generally she dispenses her bounty with a large and liberal hand. It is at any rate always possible to mark a difference in wine by price; and if air were bottled and imported, we should soon find people ready to pin their faith on some particular seal as indicating a distinct superiority to all other home, colonial, or foreign atmospheres.

The seaside and summer resorts which stand highest in the Registrar-General's list will hasten to advertise their pre-eminence, while those which are placed lower will remark that after all statistics do not prove much. If no living creature goes to a place in winter, nobody can die there; and a low rate of mortality in January proves nothing as to salubrity in July. Again, a place may be badly drained, or not drained at all, and yet during nine months of the year there may be no serious fever, partly because the inhabitants are few and sparse, and partly because they are acclimatized. But in the other three months, with hot and dry weather and crowded houses, there may be much sickness and some deaths from bad air and water. We suppose that even Cologne is not always stinking, or at least not "body and soul stinking," as it is in the ordinary tourist season. Without mentioning names, we may take it as well known that several favourite seaside places in England have altogether outgrown the limited provision which was originally made for draining them, and some have adopted cheap makeshift remedies which tend rather to aggravate the mischief. If sewage be poured into the sea, it washes to and fro and in and out with every tide, and thus perhaps it is more pernicious to health, as well as more unpleasant to the senses, than if it were allowed to percolate the earth. It may perhaps have been an error of recent writers to attach too much importance to the defects which they supposed themselves to discern in sanitary arrangements. At any rate it appears that the theories of these writers are hardly borne out by the Registrar-General's statistics. But it may be answered that the statistics, and not the theories, are wrong, and we must allow that conclusions derived solely from statistics may easily be carried into error. Thus we are told that the mortality of certain seaside towns exceeds, while that of others falls short of, 17 per 1,000. It becomes highly important to know at what time of the year the numbers were taken which form the basis of this calculation. Are they merely the results of the last census with corrections, as we suppose they must be? Assuming that they represent what we will call the regular population of a town, it is obvious that the proportion of transitory to regular population will vary in different towns. Thus one town which we will call A may be a port with a steady trade, while another which we will call B may be a mere health-resort on a beach which cannot be approached even by a small vessel except in calm weather. Assume that A has a population of 5,000, and B a population of only 1,000 during nine months of the year, and that during the remaining three months each contains 5,000 visitors. Assume the rate of mortality to be 20 per 1,000 for the year, or 5 per 1,000 for three months. Then, in A there would die  $5 \times 20 + 5 \times 5 = 125$  persons in the year; and in B there would die  $1 \times 20 + 5 \times 5 = 45$  persons in the year. Thus the deaths in A would be 125 in 10,000, and the deaths in B would be 45 in 6,000, or 75 in 10,000; and thus it would appear that A, the place of trade, is less healthy than B, the place of pleasure. But this result would be obtained by taking the census in the season. If we took the census at dead winter we should find in A 125 deaths in 5,000, or 25 in 1,000, and in B 45 deaths in 1,000, and it would follow that A is more healthy than B. It will not be forgotten that many seaside places consist of an old town and a new, which are really separated by situation, character, and taste, and yet are treated as one town for registration purposes. Another important consideration is that the Registrar-General supposes all towns to grow at a fixed rate since the last census, whereas some seaside towns have grown from nothing into considerable places in three years.

Let us take the case of Margate, which is selected for special comment by the Registrar-General, and let us observe that the last census was taken on April 3, 1871. In the month of April the season has not begun at Margate. When it does begin, pretty close packing is, we should think, the rule in lodging-houses. We should suppose that, as compared with some other seaside places, the regular population of Margate bears rather a low proportion to the transitory population, and, if so, it follows that the apparent death-rate per thousand will be rather high. This would partly account for the position of Margate in the third class in the health scale, which the Registrar-General ascribes wholly to its imperfect sanitary arrangements. He says that it ought to be one of the healthiest towns on the coast, whereas the description given of it by competent authority in 1873 was "truly deplorable," and "we have no evidence of any efforts to carry out the great works required to restore the town to sweetness and salubrity." The water was not free from fault, the rank drains and the dirt of ages accumulated by neglect were worse even than they had been described. The Registrar-General proceeds to say that Ilfracombe, "in many ways charming," has suffered by neglecting the warning voice of its medical men, and it

stands even lower than Margate in the third class. We have no desire to weaken the force of these reproofs and warnings, but we cannot help remembering that in the autumn of 1871 some pretty strong statements were made as to the sanitary arrangements of Scarborough, which, it was said, were not adequate to the necessities of a large transitory population, and could not easily be made adequate. Yet Scarborough now stands first on the scale of salubrity. We are not surprised, as the Registrar-General appears to be, that "rival Continental watering-places" neglect to supply information corresponding to that which he obtains in England. As regards some of these places, that information manipulated by English statisticians might afford results likely to injure, and perhaps undeservedly, the character of the places giving it. The very excellence of a particular water might cause it to be resorted to in a large number of serious cases, and thus the place which produced it would be credited with a high proportion of deaths. There are places on the Continent where almost nobody lives in winter, but many people live, and some die, in summer. It would be easy to make it appear by statistics that these places are unhealthy, although English doctors send patients to them year after year under a belief, justified by experience, that great good may be derived from them. To some places it is notorious that English invalids go too late, and it is commonly said on an arrival that he or she is come to die. Yet it would be wrong to quote these deaths to prove the unhealthiness of the place.

As the Registrar-General takes so much interest in marriage, we may venture to remind him that courtship is a necessary preliminary, and that the convenience which a seaside place affords for flirtation is altogether irrespective of the completeness or otherwise of its sanitary arrangements. Besides, if *she* is at Margate, that fact suffices to restore sweetness and salubrity to that ill-conditioned town. It is a pity that some record cannot be kept of the number of young ladies who have become "engaged" during a season at each of the places included in this return. The Registrar-General might truly say that such a record would be "full of interest, and might be studied with advantage." He might deduce from it valuable conclusions as to the utility or otherwise of organizing amusements at the seaside. At the majority of English places there are no balls, because, if there were any, everybody would want to go to them, and that would be inconvenient. But we believe that at Margate there is public dancing every night, and at Scarborough there is, or lately was, dancing regularly among the company staying at the hotels. Another subject worthy of investigation would be a comparison of the advantages of boarding at an hotel or taking lodgings. Statistics upon these points, if they could be had, might, under the skilful manipulation of the Registrar-General, be made the foundation of a theory as to the means of promoting marriage. But as regards mortality, figures can only be used with great caution. It necessarily fluctuates from accidental circumstances, and "it may happen that places unhealthy in spring may be healthy in summer." We should prefer facts to figures, and if Margate or any other place is badly drained or watered, let its sanitary authorities be called to due account.

#### IRISH NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

MOST likely no great degree of attention has been given to a little dialogue which took place in the House of Lords shortly before Parliament was prorogued. The speakers were Lord Carlingford asking a question and Earl Beauchamp answering it. The subject was the ancient ecclesiastical buildings in Ireland which have been handed over to the Board of Works—that is, practically, the buildings on the Rock of Cashel, as the only buildings which as yet have been so handed over. In the short dialogue on the subject the parts which might have been looked for from the two noble lords were in a manner reversed. We had never heard of Lord Carlingford as a professed antiquary or as boasting of more zeal for ecclesiastical monuments than naturally belongs to any man of education and taste. Lord Beauchamp, on the other hand, is known to many as having been an ecclesiastical antiquary from his youth up. Yet here it is Lord Carlingford who appears as the champion of ecclesiastical monuments, and Lord Beauchamp as one who rather snubs them; it is Lord Carlingford who is anxious that proper care should be taken of them, and Lord Beauchamp who thinks that any care or no care is good enough for them. Lord Carlingford "asked whether the Government intended to appoint a competent person in connexion with the Board to see that the duty of keeping the monuments in a proper state of repair was satisfactorily performed." He added that "an impression prevailed among a great many people in Ireland that the Board of Works was scarcely competent with its present staff to maintain in proper condition those venerable buildings." And he further added the obvious truth that "they could scarcely be dealt with satisfactorily unless some skilled person with archaeological tastes and knowledge were appointed to look after them."

Lord Carlingford spoke the language of fact and common sense, language which everything that we have hitherto heard of Lord Beauchamp would have led us to expect that he would cordially echo. But no; Lord Beauchamp the Court official would seem to have become quite another man from Lord Beauchamp the Worcestershire antiquary. Lord Beauchamp now "points out that the buildings in question were necessarily ruins, and that the primary object ought to be to preserve them in their present condition rather than to repair or restore them." So far

so good, except that two of the buildings on the Rock of Cashel, the round tower and Cormac's chapel, cannot be called ruins. Both of these, unless they have been strangely and sadly pulled about since we last saw them, are whole and perfect buildings with their roofs on. There is really no reason why divine service—after what rite we will leave an open question—may not be again said in the chapel, and why bells may not again sound in the tower. To keep them in their present condition certainly does not need "restoration" in the sense in which people, when they have hopelessly destroyed an ancient church, say that they have "restored" it, but it may often need "repair." And the same may be said of several of the other buildings which are not yet put under the care of the Board as national monuments, but which ought to be so. With the later cathedral on the Rock of Cashel the case is different; that is strictly a ruin and needs only careful preservation. All that both classes need is not to be allowed to get into a worse state than they are in now; but the process of saving them from such a worse state is not exactly the same in the case of buildings which are already actually ruined and of buildings which are not. To draw the proper distinction, to do in each case just what ought to be done, neither too much nor too little, is certainly a matter of some delicacy, and a matter which we would have thought that every one would see, and that Lord Beauchamp would be one of the first to see, needs some measure of skill and knowledge. But the rest of Lord Beauchamp's answer to Lord Carlingford is really one of the most amazing things that we ever read:—"The work of preservation, he might add, was one which did not require any great amount of skill, and would, he thought, be better discharged by a surveyor than by a person such as the noble lord had described, possessed of archaeological tastes and knowledge." Up to the moment that we read this we had always looked on Lord Beauchamp as a member of the class described by Lord Carlingford as a person possessed of archaeological tastes and knowledge; but now we know not what to think. The notion that anybody is fit to look after such monuments as those on the Rock of Cashel; that "archaeological tastes and knowledge," that is, knowing about them and caring about them, are rather a disqualification for looking after them; that, in short, they would be better looked after by some one without taste or knowledge, by some one who knows nothing about them and who cares nothing about them, is a notion which we should not have expected to have come into the head of any man, least of all into the head of Lord Beauchamp. Then there is the strange contrast between surveyors and persons of taste and knowledge, the implied assumption that a surveyor cannot be a person of taste and knowledge. Why should he not? We know nothing of the management of the Irish Board of Works, but we can hardly believe that in choosing their surveyors they have made it a *sine quâ non* they shall be persons not possessed of archaeological tastes and knowledge. Lord Beauchamp's assumption that a surveyor cannot be a fit man to look after ancient monuments is only less amazing than his other assumption, that an unfit man will look better after them than a fit one. The title of surveyor is that which is borne in various characters by several of our best architects, men of whom Lord Beauchamp cannot approve, as they are certainly not lacking in taste or knowledge. Such surveyors we conceive that Lord Beauchamp would not employ, as being lacking in the needful amount of tastelessness and ignorance. We have it now laid down on Lord Beauchamp's authority that taste and knowledge about any particular matter are to hinder a man from employment in any branch of the public service which deals with that matter. Unskilled labour would seem to be likely to rise in value wherever Lord Beauchamp has his own way. Perhaps we are to see a reaction from the excessive love of competitive examinations; or rather competitive examinations are to be turned the other way. In any department under the care of Lord Beauchamp, especially in any department which has anything to do with ancient monuments, the examination would seem likely to be carried on on the principle of a donkey race. Let a man show any degree of taste and knowledge about the matter in hand, and he will certainly be sent back to his studies till he is in a condition to show the needful amount of tastelessness and ignorance.

So much for the conversation in the House of Lords. Let us now look to the facts of the case. Lord Carlingford is certainly right in saying that an impression prevails that things are not quite as they should be with regard to the Rock of Cashel. That impression is represented in a letter in the *Dublin Daily Express* of August 8th, from one of the best of Irish antiquaries, Mr. James Graves. Mr. Graves refers to an answer given by Sir Michael Hicks Beach to a question of Mr. Mitchell Henry put in the same spirit as the question of Lord Carlingford. Perhaps in our amazement at the answer made by Lord Beauchamp we were too much overwhelmed to see what anybody else said. But Sir Michael Hicks Beach is in this matter a still more important person than Lord Beauchamp, and he, it seems, had given Mr. Mitchell Henry the answer that no inspector such as Lord Carlingford and Mr. Henry asked for was needed, because the Board of Works had no intention of restoring any of the monuments vested in them. Now, according to a report of Mr. Graves, who had been to Cashel and seen things with his own eyes, Lord Beauchamp and Sir Michael Hicks Beach, sitting at Westminster, must have been strangely misinformed as to the state of things on the Rock. Some persons, whether possessed of archaeological tastes and knowledge or not, were, as far back as the middle of June, very busily employed on the Rock, and employed in doing the very things which Lord Beauchamp and Sir Michael Hicks Beach more than a month after said were not to be done. Mr. Graves says that he



"found a very intelligent clerk of the works and a large staff of operatives in possession of the Rock." We are sorry for the clerk of the works, because, if he is very intelligent, that is a quality which comes so near to taste and knowledge that Lord Beauchamp may perhaps make interest to have so dangerous a person sent away. But we will let Mr. Graves tell his own story:—

Mr. Reade, the clerk of the works, kindly gave me every information as to the proposed operations, and I found that besides the works of simple conservation it was intended to restore:—

1. The bishop's palace or castle.
2. The vicar's hall.
3. The east window of the cathedral.
4. The buttresses of the cathedral.
5. The battlements of the cathedral.
6. The enclosing wall of the Rock.

This is really enough to make every one—every one at least of the class disapproved of by Lord Beauchamp—who has ever been at Cashel stand aghast. Mr. Graves naturally cries out, "Now if this is not restoration, I do not know the meaning of the word." Unluckily we do know the meaning of the word rather too well, and it means something which, as applied to the buildings at Cashel, would be very ugly indeed. It means making them new; it means destroying them as ancient national monuments. None of the buildings on the Rock of Cashel ought to be "restored," even in the best sense of the word "restored." Cormac's chapel and the round tower may very likely need repair; as they are not ruined buildings, it may possibly be needful here and there to put in a new stone to keep several old stones in their places. In the actually ruined buildings we should not like to see even so much as this done; all that is wanted is to keep them from getting worse. And to go and put new battlements where the old ones are broken away, which we take to be the meaning of "restoring the battlements," is simply monstrous. But yet more monstrous is the state of things when all this is actually going on at Cashel, and meanwhile official persons get up in both Houses of Parliament and say that nothing of the kind is even going to be done.

As to "restoration" at Cashel, and indeed at many places beside Cashel, we will again quote the words of Mr. Graves:—

I have had some experience in the conservation of ancient buildings myself, and I feel persuaded that incalculable injury may be done, even in works of simple preservation, unless the workmen are placed under the constant supervision of some one perfectly acquainted with the characteristic features of the various styles in which our ancient churches were built. When it comes, however, to restorations such as those which are in progress, or contemplated, at the Rock of Cashel, the unremitting oversight of a properly-qualified inspector is absolutely necessary, if the character and authenticity of our "national monuments" are to be preserved.

If there is anything to be said against this, it is that Mr. Graves is a little too mild, that he lets off the notion of restoration of any kind on the Rock of Cashel rather too easily. Mr. Graves, in short, speaks on this head much as, up to his answer to Lord Carlingford, we should have expected Lord Beauchamp to speak. What may be the cause of this change in the noble Earl it is not for us to guess. But at any rate in the next Session both Lord Beauchamp and Sir Michael Beach will do well to take care that the answers which they make to questions in the two Houses of Parliament shall not be the direct opposite of the facts.

#### THE MODERN SAVAGE.

WITHOUT venturing to pronounce an opinion whether a fight between a man and a dog did take place at Hanley, we may at least say that the locality was not ill chosen for lending an air of probability to such a narrative. Indeed we might go further and say that in Lancashire, which is not far from Hanley, more brutal and barbarous proceedings than this fight habitually occur, and the law has hitherto appeared powerless to prevent them. Dogs delight to bark and bite, "for 'tis their nature to," and it is rather a stretch of language to say that it is cruelty to a bulldog to let him go at a man. Probably both the dog and the man would rather fight than not. It cannot be doubted that such fights have taken place. Many years ago, says a competent authority, dog-fighting was a fashionable pastime in Staffordshire, and hence the selection of Hanley as the *locus* of such a story would be perfectly appropriate. We heard not long since of a man who for a bet would draw a badger as a dog does. It is not more surprising that a man should match himself against a dog. The Mayor of Hanley, while assuming that the fight was "a myth," complains of "reflections upon the character and conduct of the Potteries in general, and Hanley in particular," which, we fear, are not wholly undeserved. Mr. Greenwood answers the Mayor by asserting that "such sport and worse is not unfrequent in the Black Country," and there is reason to fear that Mr. Greenwood is correct. He ascribes to himself a desire to poison "the dirty-white bulldog" which was afterwards one of the combatants, but we cannot see why he should entertain that idea. A bulldog only acts according to his light in pinning another dog or a man, and we are clearly of opinion that he is not the most objectionable creature that the Black Country contains, and might indeed afford a model of good manners to some of its inhabitants. The Correspondent of *Land and Water*, who sought for traces of the alleged fight, confesses that he is "a great lover of bulldogs, and not averse to a good boxing-match," and he thus felt a double interest in Mr. Greenwood's story. He found at Hanley an old man who had lived in that town fifty-one years. Years back, said he, cock-fighting and dog-fighting were very

common, but they were things of the past. He had read "Brummy's" fight with "Physic," and did not believe a word of it. He had heard a story of a man-and-dog fight in his early days. The Correspondent stumbled upon an old member of the P. R. whom he once saw at work in his palmy days, and this gentleman says, and we incline to believe him, that if there had been such sport he must have seen it or heard of it. He also spoke "in a quiet, earnest way" about the reward of 20*l.*, which the Correspondent thinks would be very useful to him just now. On the other hand, Mr. Greenwood "reasserts, with the utmost emphasis, what he has already written on the subject, and is confident that at no distant date the strict truth of the incident will be fully proved." And thus the matter stands at present.

It is strange that such a question should arise and appear so difficult of solution. Our present object, however, in referring to it is to remark that a considerable number of people think that this man-and-dog fight, even if it did not happen, yet might happen. We do not wish to wound the just susceptibility of the Mayor of Hanley, and therefore, if we use the name of that town, we regard it only as typical of what Mr. Greenwood calls the Black Country, where mines and furnaces abound. We should be glad to believe that Mr. Greenwood's story is a myth and a libel on the district. But even if dog-fighting has gone out, it appears that other and worse things have not gone out, or have come in. There are two music-halls in Hanley, and we believe that other towns of equal importance are similarly provided. Fifty years ago there were no music-halls, and there were dog-fights and boxing-matches in plenty. Now boxing and perhaps dog-fighting have gone out, and undeniably kicking has come in, or at least is in. The Correspondent of *Land and Water* says that "he is not averse to a good boxing-match," and it really begins to look as if the rules of the P. R. might be, in the Black Country, civilization. One of these rules, against hitting a man when he is down, was formerly received almost universally by Englishmen. Thus much at least of manliness the P. R. taught its votaries, and the lesson is greatly needed now. If there was a row in the streets, the passers-by formed a ring and saw fair play. If two or three men set upon one, they would be restrained, and compelled to fight turn and turn about. But now, when the progress of civilization has destroyed the P. R., there seems to be nothing in its place. The papers are constantly giving accounts, most frequently from Lancashire and Durham, of two or three men setting upon one, knocking him down, and kicking him as he lies upon the ground with boots studded with heavy nails or tipped with plates of iron. Some of the cases of kicking which have been lately reported are not only worse than a fair stand-up fight in a well-kept ring, but we had almost said that they are worse than the alleged man-and-dog fight which is such a libel on the town of Hanley. It would be at any rate fair give-and-take between the man and the dog, and the man for himself, and the owner of the dog for him, would have the opportunity of crying "hold enough." Both the man and the dog, too, would be confined, as we understand, to the weapons which nature has supplied; and, although they might cause each other intense pain, they could less easily inflict irreparable injury. Nevertheless, a fight between a man and a dog probably would be, and certainly ought to be, a "sickening spectacle." The description of it, and still more the thing itself, must be shocking to any decent mind. Yet if such a thing occurred anywhere, it would probably be in a country where kicking with iron-shod boots is habitual. It is even said that women have taken to kicking as well as men; and, if this be so, we shall really think that the Black Country is progressing backwards. In the palmy days of the P. R. it was assumed that women fought only with their tongues, or at worst with their finger-nails. The collier who said when his wife beat him, "It pleases her and it don't hurt me," would scarcely perhaps have been so quiescent if she had kicked him and jumped upon him with iron-shod boots.

The frequency of these kicking and jumping cases may lead us to inquire whether, as regards a large mass of mankind, there either has been or can be anything that deserves the name of civilization. Macaulay instances several points in which he thinks that, comparing the time when he wrote with the beginning of the eighteenth century, there has been a softening of manners. But if the common people kick in a state of civilization, what must they have done in barbarism? This week a woman has been charged with "cruelly assaulting and stamping upon" her daughter of eight years old. The child stated that her mother was very angry because the place was in a mess, and she first slapped her, and then knocked her down and jumped upon her and kicked her while she was upon the ground. A medical witness found the body, legs, arms, and shoulders of the child nearly covered with bruises. The mother was sent to prison for six months, declaring that "she would not forget" the witnesses who had appeared against her. This case, which was brought forward at Worship Street Police Court, is really more alarming than the man-and-dog fight, supposing it to have occurred at Hanley. At the worst there is only one "Brummy," but women capable of misusing children seem to be numerous, and the propensity for what may be called "kicking murder" has become epidemic. The hour for closing public-houses is specially productive of this sort of violence, and although the Black Country enjoys a bad eminence in these outrages, they are not confined to it. A publican wishing to close his house used such force as was necessary to expel a man who had been drinking there. The man having been pushed out returned, and, taking a reaping-hook with both hands, made a chop with it at the publican's

head, of which the effect, as described by an eyewitness, was that "the back of the victim's head hung down his neck." Fortunately the wound was not mortal, and the man is likely to recover. This case occurred recently in an agricultural county, and it rivals in brutality the worst of those kicking cases which have been lately so frequent among the puddlers of the North. We may add that the ploughman's boots, if he took to using them in the same way, would be quite as formidable as the puddler's. It appears idle, while such cases occur, to suppose that among the bulk of the mining, manufacturing, and rural populations any real progress in civilization has been made. Probably many of our readers will by this time be of opinion that, if such a thing as a man-and-dog fight has not, it easily might have, happened at Hanley. Indeed we do not think that this fight, assuming that it did occur, would be by any means the worst thing that has occurred in the Black Country during the present year. Both the man and the dog would obey the impulse of their savage natures; but it cannot be alleged that a man who is knocked down and jumped upon with heavy boots is other than an involuntary sufferer. The knife of Southern Europe is a terrible weapon always ready for use at the dictate of passion, and this is exactly what may be said of the iron-shod boot of Lancashire. It is in fact impossible that any people of any country or period could carry brutal violence further than it has been carried in the kicking cases lately reported from the mining districts of England.

All orders of society, and especially the lower orders, have derived, says Macaulay, important benefits from "the mollifying influence of civilization on national character." Recent experience inspires a doubt whether these important benefits may not be imaginary. Indeed, almost the only point on which we feel sure is that at the time of which Macaulay writes barbarity was repressed by punishment, and if the barbarity remains the same punishment ought to be applied to it. The most recent example of a "ruffianism" which has ceased to be "extraordinary" comes from Birmingham. Three men assaulted a married woman as she was standing at her door with her husband. The husband remonstrated, whereupon he was set upon and kicked. He retreated indoors, the gang followed him, knocked down an aged woman and jumped upon her, and threw her down a flight of stairs. After they had committed more violence the police arrived, and the "roughs" defended themselves against arrest with a poker and a pole. Imprisonment is not an adequate punishment for such an outrage as this, and it begins to appear necessary to resort to the method of the seventeenth century, by which the "roughs" of the period were brought summarily to a whipping-post.

#### A DAY OUT OF TOWN.

THE third-class excursions indicated in the daily papers by the title of "days out of town" have of late years become quite as much a recognized institution as the recess of Parliament. The excursionists are to be met with everywhere at this season. They are the terror of elderly ladies who, having paid for first-class tickets, justly expect their full share of a first-class carriage to be reserved to them. They are the recognized prey of railway accidents, and the excuse for all deviations from the published time-tables. In picturesque neighbourhoods they are the thorn in the flesh of the regular residents, who find, where every prospect pleases, that not only men, but women and children, and especially infants in arms, are vile. They are the subjects of many a pathetic appeal in the *Times*: they are the joy of country public-houses, and will empty an ordinary beershop at a draught. To the railway porter, whom they defy, they are the scum of the earth. To shunt a luggage train into a large party of them he cannot be persuaded to regard as anything worse than an accident. They strew broken glass over the fairest valleys in England; they litter Bushey Park with orange-peel, and whiten the graves of Cistercian abbots with old newspapers. Where archaeologists go, they go, but they do not archaeologize. Where landscape-painters paint they sing. They eat pork-pies on the upland lawn, and dance merrily round the aged thorn. They stare vacantly at Hampton Court beauties, and listen unmoved to the words of housekeepers in show places. They thirst much and perspire much, but on the whole seem to enjoy themselves. Their hearts are light, if only for one day, and, since two score of them are an ordinary load for a pair of horses, it is to be hoped, in the interests of humanity, that their bodies are light also.

A little guidance and sympathy might sometimes be well bestowed on these nomadic hordes. There is a humanizing influence in fine scenery and venerable associations to which they are not wholly insensible. But the feeling needs to be called into play. They cannot apparently awaken it for themselves. The people who are most capable of instructing them without tiring them are too much given to despising ignorance, and have no idea of coming to meet it. Yet when, by chance, a party of excursionists hear a stirring address on the history of some old ruin or the field of some great battle, the speaker has never to complain of any want of attention. This sort of thing is left too much to clergymen. The very fact that it is their duty to do it makes it distasteful to excursionists who have come away from duty and all connected with it for the day. The difference may be seen when a party of operatives, a working-men's club, with its committee to organize, is compared with a school treat, where a very different system of management prevails.

It is very easy to give school children a feast of buns and tea.

The daughters of the squire feel that they look their best as, in artistically simple costumes, they hand the bread and butter or fill the overflowing cups. How becoming it is to play ball with the little ones, or minister tenderly to the consolation of some chubby darling who has broken his knees in a race! These offices are their own reward. They combine in sweet proportions the beautiful and the good. Mamma for once overlooks a little flirtation with the curate or some other ineligible. Her face beams with motherly kindness as she looks towards the human creatures who at other times are so very far off. It is much the same when the village choir visits the rectory. In the country the clergy are the great levellers, and at a church luncheon or a harvest festival the old woman from the almshouse is helped to chicken by the county member, and the bishop's wife is indebted to the schoolmaster for the salt. But in the great manufacturing towns, and above all in London, such social amenities are impossible. So at least most of us think. The lady who can organize a Christmas-tree for the Sunday scholars of her country village, who can call together mothers' meetings and arrange all the details of a bazaar for the restoration of the church, would stand appalled before the prospect of entertaining a hundred dock labourers from the East-end, and would succumb altogether to the effort of receiving their wives and children. From them, notwithstanding her most elaborate blandishments, she will receive no pretty courtesies, nor will a single forelock be pulled upon a single head. They cannot sing, or, if they could, her hair would stand on end at their songs. They cannot distinguish between grass and gravel in the garden, and will lie at full length upon her mignonette. The children cannot play in the sunshine which they have never seen so bright before. They cannot run races, for they have never run in town. Two of them will be found plotting in a corner the surreptitious concoction of a mud-pie from the contents of a new flower-bed. Two more will be detected in imprudent investigation of the beehive. The women will shock her susceptibilities even more. Their shabby finery, their loud voices, their rough language, their fear and contempt for their husbands, their chastisement of their children, their nourishment of their babies, all these and suchlike things will horrify her. But above all she is surprised at their want of reverence, their complete insensibility to her exalted dignity. They take no notice of her presence, or they ask personal questions with simple directness, and contradict her with prompt readiness. When she gives them her strongest tea and bestows upon them her sweetest buns, they openly hint at a preference for beer, and even insinuate the addition of a drop of gin. When at length they are gone she vows that her efforts in this direction must cease, and that henceforth she will content herself with the enjoyment of such charity as her own neighbourhood permits.

The Lady Bountiful's disappointment, however, would be mitigated did she know that her kindness was not quite thrown away, that the day at her house is long remembered with pleasure, that her guests were wholly unconscious of their own deficiencies of manner, and quite ready to pardon her haughty deportment. If the same party came back to her a second year, she would find them improved; improved from her point of view, that is. The mollifying influence of gratitude would show itself in a less shy reserve on the part of the men, and a little more delicacy on that of their wives. They would greet her with a smile, if not with reverence, and would perhaps address her with something akin to respect. Perhaps in the long run she might even discover that they were subject to like passions with herself, that they were not altogether exempt from tender feelings, and could be softened by the exercise of sympathy. Without some bond of the kind it is hopeless to attempt any intercourse between the poor and the rich which will not do more harm than good. The experiment has been tried with success. There are houses in London, nay, even in the fashionable squares of the West, where it has succeeded. Parties are given now and then. The streets and lanes of a crowded district in Westminster or Soho furnish the guests. The silk and velvet hangings of the drawing-room and the picture-gallery are uncovered. The family plate is on the supper-table. Flowers are everywhere, and a nosegay is provided for every guest. Young gentlemen come too, and read a ballad from Tennyson or a chapter from Dickens. Young ladies sing "Annie Laurie" and "Home, Sweet Home," and the hard look dies out of stony faces, and tears run down from bleared eyes; the long-forgotten days return, the vows made years ago at some country confirmation, the advice of parents dead and buried, the love of hearts and the sound of voices long silent, rise up like incense and perfume many a weary day afterwards. The servants are seldom unwilling to enter into the spirit of such occasions. They too may be benefited, incredible as it may seem to their lofty minds, and a little of the contempt of their race for the vulgar crowd may be removed.

There are, however, great difficulties in the way of such efforts as these. If you have a few acres of grass in the country, or even a large back garden in the suburbs, you may manage with more ease. Something of the kind has been done by bringing a party from Lambeth or Rotherhithe up the river in a steamboat. The tea is laid in the garden, and the grass is abandoned to the tramp of heavy feet. The men are allowed to smoke their pipes, and cigars are offered to those who prefer them. An extempore booth is constructed, and a play performed by the young ladies of the family. It represents some domestic story calculated to interest and move the feelings of the audience—the loves of the two servant-maids, perhaps; the rival fascinations of the shopboy and the baker's man; the joys and sorrows of home; the evil effects of



excessive alcoholism; the man who beats his wife, and the woman who scolds her husband, with the old moral of Hogarth's apprentices, and not too much sermonising to point it. It is not given to every one to be able to accomplish such things. But something of the kind may be done; and when, as the evening wanes, an orator is chosen by the party and mounted on a form to deliver himself nervously of a string of words, chosen more for their magnificent length and sound than for their absolute appropriateness, he yet conveys unmistakably the hearty thanks of self and mates for the entertainment, and it is easily perceived that something has been done, not without the attainment of a measure of civilizing influence.

The great difficulty and drawback about excursions from London is their eleemosynary character. The appeals in the daily papers are for subscriptions from the wealthy to take the schools or clubs of some poor district for a day in the country. We cannot help thinking that this might be better managed. One or two clergymen and organisers at the East-end have tried a different system with success. A small monthly subscription throughout the year, or a small payment by tickets at the time, suffices to cover the expense of chartering a steamer or an excursion-train, or to pay for a few vans. What is then wanted from the wealthy is leave to visit a park, or to walk through a great house, with a gift of fruit and flowers, and perhaps the loan of a tent for dinner. These are things which money cannot buy, and for which subscriptions are subscribed in vain. Shady trees, sunny banks, a limpid spring, a few hampers of cherries or gooseberries, and a few baskets of roses are worth more to excursionists from London than anything they can buy at home to take with them.

#### GREAT ADELPHI DRAMAS.

THE genuine old Adelphi drama holds its ground against all the frivolities of the modern stage. The only fault that can be found with the *Prayer in the Storm* as a work of sensational art is that the grand effect occurs at the end of the second act, or less than half way through the piece. There is, indeed, a good deal of talk about skirmishing with Indians in the third act, and we even hear the sound of firing, but, as a sentry in uniform walks the stage composedly throughout, we are not greatly disturbed by that which he so manifestly considers unimportant. The play begins on the deck of a ship belonging to the French navy, about the year 1708. An adventurer named Pedro persuades part of the crew to mutiny, while part remains faithful. In a scuffle on deck the captain gets Pedro down, and is about to kill him, when an ally of Pedro seizes the captain's little daughter, and by threatening to throw her overboard obtains a reprieve for Pedro. There is, of course, a grand tableau. The captain stands over Pedro threatening death, a repulsive-looking scoundrel holds the child in his arms, the mother rushes screaming upon deck. Pedro, having escaped, turns the tables upon the captain, who is now disarmed, and placed with his wife and daughter and a faithful follower, who has a talent for being funny under difficulties, in an open boat, and turned adrift to encounter harrowing perils in the Arctic Sea, amid which the comic follower delights the audience by lamenting that he cannot go back to Putney. This simple species of drama flourishes irrespectively of hot weather and the assumed emptiness of London. The operas are closed, and a French manager is performing the last scene of all in the Court of Bankruptcy; but still the familiar spectacle of a combat with cutlasses and pistols on a ship's deck at sea suffices to win applause from full pit and galleries at the Adelphi. The newspapers have lately passed severe criticisms on M. Hervé's "Ashantee Symphony" at Covent Garden Theatre, in which, however, the clever composer knew quite well what he was doing. His work is—to use the only suitable word—"bosh," and he never meant it to be anything else. Whether he has rightly gauged the taste of London in the autumn may perhaps be doubtful. There must be many thousands of persons still left within two miles of Covent Garden who think that sufficient fuss has been already made about the Ashantee war. Sir Garnet Wolseley could hardly decline the dedication of this "heroic" composition, which we think, but are not sure, is slightly too heroic for English taste. It is only natural that M. Hervé, like other imitators, should go a little beyond his model. There is a story of a Frenchman, who valued himself on being a citizen of the world, telling an assembly of Heads of Houses and Dons at Oxford that "when he was in England he said 'Goddam' with the English." There was a picture by the lamented John Leech in which an English huntsman shouts after an excited French gentleman in faultless coat and tops, "Hullo! there, you Sir, do you think you can catch a fox?" and the Frenchman answers, "I do not know, mon ami, but I will try." In both these instances the foreigner is slightly more English than the English themselves, just like the hotelkeepers in Belgium and Germany, who give us much more roast beef than we should get at home. In the same way we suggest that the patriotic self-complacency of Englishmen at the glorious result of the Ashantee war has perhaps been in a trifling degree exaggerated by M. Hervé. We say "perhaps," because we thought so before seeing the *Prayer in the Storm*, and our opinion has been rather shaken by observing the success which an artist too modest to give his name has there attained by laying on colour thickly. There has surely been no prayer so successful as that upon the stage since the *Crucifix* was produced, and we fully adopt the opinion of Mr. Puff that "in great emergencies there is nothing like a prayer." The captain,

with his wife, daughter, and faithful follower, are encamped upon ice which is expected to break up when summer comes. The faithful follower describes in his comic vein adventures with Polar bears; while the captain breaks up his boat to furnish fuel to his shivering family, and thus destroys their only hope of safety, when amid a tremendous storm the ice divides and sinks beneath their feet, giving place to billows which are worked with tremendous energy by the machinists. A glorified vision of the mother is seen floating into eternity on a block of ice. Both parents perish, but the daughter and the comic servant escape to suffer adventures through three more acts, which are necessarily tedious after the excitement of the first two. The daughter, who has been brought up by Indians, is attracted by the sound of a half-remembered language to a French settlement in California, where she encounters her aunt and cousin, and also the adventurer Pedro, who has become immensely rich by the discovery of gold. The whole party find their way back to France in the time of the Regent Orleans, and the comic servant, notwithstanding his ardent desire to return once more to Putney, has managed to make himself tolerably well at home in Paris. There is a noble lover of the cousin, between whom and Pedro there had been talk of a duel in California, and Pedro himself professes to be in love with the girl (now reclaimed from Indian feathers and paint, and dressed in the highest Parisian fashion) whose parents owed their death to him. Ultimately Pedro's ill-gotten wealth fails to secure his influence with the Regent. Crime is baffled and virtue is rewarded, as is necessary in all plays which appeal to the unfashionable multitude for its patronage.

Another "great Adelphi drama" holds possession of the Princess's Theatre. Both as actor and author Mr. Webster has had considerable success, and in both capacities he is preferable to his imitators. His well-known play of *Janet Pride* contains no grand sensational scene, and there is a suitability to recent circumstances in the arrival of an adventurer under an assumed name from Australia. A convict desiring to return home could scarcely, however, assume a more dangerous alias than that of an ex-sergeant of a line regiment, which part would be even more difficult to sustain than that of a retired officer of carabineers. Whatever else may be obliterated by time or art, we may be tolerably sure that the habit acquired by twenty years of being drilled and drilling would be indelible. But we must allow something to the necessity of getting Richard Pride back to London in order to begin the play, in which he steals a watch, and so contrives that his own daughter, whom he does not know, is accused, upon apparently conclusive evidence, of the theft. In the last scene, which represents the Old Bailey, Janet Pride is tried for this theft before the Recorder, in whom the majesty of the law is sustained by a sufficiently red nose. As several modern dramas introduce a court of justice, we must suppose that the curious travesty of legal proceedings which they represent is interesting, and we are justified in assuming that the reality of such proceedings is more interesting still. An average trial at the Old Bailey would afford more entertainment than the last act of this play, and would be as well attended. The play, of course, has a moral of the clearest type, as all plays of its class have. Drink brings Richard Pride to ruin. He has committed his first crime and has escaped to Paris with his wife and child. While the party are starving in a garret, he abstracts from a drawer the last little hoard of money that his wife has, and spends it upon himself and some jolly companions at a tavern. His wife, hopeless of the child's welfare, determines that it shall be brought up as a foundling, and falls dead at the moment of accomplishing, with abundance of despairing gestures, its deposit at the gate of a hospital. A woman in rags staggering and falling in the snow is probably a more common incident in Paris than a drunken Englishman leading a party of drunken Frenchmen in a chorus of "We won't go home till morning." However a play of this kind requires strong effects, and Mr. Webster and Mrs. Mellon are eminently qualified to produce them. Richard Pride recognizes his dead wife, and is at the same moment arrested under an extradition treaty and carried back to England to be tried and transported. It is not the least of the difficulties of the modern dramatist that he can no longer transport his hero, as could be done when Mr. Webster wrote this play. Richard Pride escapes from the penal settlement, assumes a picturesque costume of skins, takes a partner, and sets up in business as a bush-ranger. Sergeant Grey, who has just taken his discharge from the army and received arrears of pay, and is going home to England, is treacherously murdered by Pride's comrade, whom Pride thereupon shoots for violating that sense of honour which prevails among all right-minded convicts. It is clear that, if Western Australia had known of the existence of Richard Pride, that colony would have applied to have allotted for its service a felon of such elevated principles. He possesses himself of the papers and money of the murdered sergeant, assumes his name, and returns to England.

Thus far is only prologue. The regular play opens at the lodging of a French watchmaker in Greek Street, Soho, where Richard Pride, under the name of Grey, has somehow become domesticated, while his daughter Janet, who was brought up at a foundling hospital in Paris, and whom he does not know, is living with the watchmaker as a servant. A customer calls upon the watchmaker, bringing for repair a valuable watch, and Richard Pride sees in him the master whom he robbed twenty years ago, and he fears that the recognition will be mutual. He determines to quit London, and to steal the watch to obtain the necessary money. Burglary

to low slow music is an ordinary incident of these plays, but this burglary in Greek Street is delightfully complicated by somnambulism. An apprentice who is Janet's lover, and does the comic business of the piece, is set to guard the valuable property in his master's workroom, and of course goes to sleep. Richard Pride enters burglariously by window with dark lantern, and extinguishes rushlight. Janet Pride enters walking in her sleep, and indicates by pantomime anxiety for the safety of the valuable watch. Exit Richard Pride by one door, and enter the watch-maker, who fancies he has heard a noise, by another. The result of this ingenious jumble is that Janet Pride is accused of the theft which has really been committed by her father. She is taken to prison, where her father visits her, and she is tried at the Old Bailey, with one learned gentleman in a wig to prosecute, and another learned gentleman in a wig to defend, and the Recorder in a bigger wig to sum up. At the moment when the jury are about to give their verdict, Richard Pride shoots himself in the purlieus of the Court, and enters it with faltering steps to declare his own guilt and his daughter's innocence. The Recorder and the Bar form a sort of chorus to his last dying speech and confession, upon which the curtain falls. The audience, it is to be hoped, are duly impressed with the moral of the play, that drinking leads to crime. Mr. Webster, who seems to be now making the first of a series of last appearances, has doubtless chosen this as a part in which he has conspicuously shone. His unquestionable talent has usually exerted itself in rather a barren field. But, although we find the "great Adelphi drama" a small and poor affair, it is at any rate equal to keeping two London theatres going in the month of August. Both as actor and author of this sort of drama, Mr. Webster has attained whatever eminence it could confer.

## REVIEWS.

### BIRKS ON MODERN UTILITARIANISM.\*

WHEN we reviewed Mr. Birks's first volume of lectures last winter, we expressed a faint hope that he might show himself less incompetent when he came to examine the opinions of other teachers in moral science than when he attempted to give an account of his own. That hope, such as it was, is now wholly disappointed. We have to say, as we said before, that were it not for Professor Birks's official position at Cambridge, his treatment of moral philosophy would not be worthy of serious notice. The faults which we then censured are now repeated with little or no amendment. Professor Birks appears to be a well-meaning but short-sighted theologian who is thoroughly frightened and angry at the whole course of modern thought and speculation, and cannot make up his mind either to welcome new things with such men as Mr. Kingsley, or to stand up and fight against them with such men as Archbishop Manning and Father Dalgairns. His attitude is more like that of the people in the *Water-Babies* who spent their lives in crying "O don't tell us" and running away. Professor Birks is filled to overflowing with wrath against the wickedness of utilitarian morality. He cannot consider with any calmness the opinions of those who differ from him, and the clear stream of reason is swallowed up in hopelessly troubled outpourings of *odium theologicum*.

The plan of this work is to examine and compare the three modern types of utilitarianism as presented by Paley, Bentham, and J. S. Mill. By fixing these limits Mr. Birks has gained two things. One is the rhetorical antithesis between Cambridge (meaning Dr. Whewell and other opponents of Mill) as the head-quarters of truth, and Westminster (meaning the founders of the *Westminster Review*) as the head-quarters of falsehood, which antithesis is the chief grace of Mr. Birks's chapter of historical introduction. The other is a greater matter. This limited plan enables Mr. Birks, both in the introduction and throughout the lectures, to take no notice whatever of Mr. Herbert Spencer or Mr. Darwin. This of course saves a great deal of trouble, and will make Professor Birks's defence of what he calls objective morality much more plausible and complete in the eyes of students of moral philosophy, if any such there be, who are not aware of the wholly new strength given to the empirical theory of morals by Mr. Spencer's and Mr. Darwin's work. What Mr. Birks may think of it of course we cannot tell. Perhaps he really does not know that he has yet more enemies to speak with in the gate after he has excommunicated Bentham and Mill to his heart's content. Perhaps he thinks Mr. Spencer and Mr. Darwin are such abominable heretics that it is a shame even to speak of them in a University chair. Perhaps he means to do battle with them also in due season, and is now only trying his arms. We can find only one phrase that gives any clue, and that is a doubtful one. Professor Birks speaks of "some reasonable regard to the accumulated and inherited experience of mankind." Can he possibly be ignorant of the meaning now borne by those words? Or does he obscurely hint that he is willing to seek even such dangerous allies as Mr. Herbert Spencer against the teachers he specially abhors? We cannot tell. Subject to these doubts, however, the course Professor Birks has so far taken seems to us much as if the engineer of a place besieged by modern artillery should spend his time in "examining and comparing" the

battering powers of catapults and mangonels. There are one or two other odd things in this same introduction. Professor Birks claims the support of Mr. Hutchison Stirling and Mr. Lecky, but mis-spells both their names in doing so. He does not notice the short but weighty restatement of the questions at issue and the utilitarian answers to them which has lately been made by a Cambridge man—we mean Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's *Note on Utilitarianism* at the end of his recent book. To be sure it is on the wrong side, and so might spoil the antithesis of Cambridge and Westminster. But the oddest thing of all, if indeed we should not use a stronger word, is that Professor Birks actually charges J. S. Mill with having been afraid of publishing his real opinions in his lifetime:—

His *Autobiography* has placed in clear relief what nearly all discerning and intelligent readers must have suspected before, that his sensationalism in metaphysics, and utilitarianism in ethics, were really connected with an early formed and deep-seated antipathy to all the distinctive features of the Christian faith. It is well that the veil should at length be withdrawn. It is no sign of that heroism, the want of which in Paley he has condemned with extreme severity, that it should have been permitted to rest upon his true opinions on these subjects so long.

Mill was certainly not wont to err on the side of caution in expressing what he felt on most subjects, and if he never made any statement in positive terms of his belief or unbelief on theological subjects, it was because he wrote as a philosopher and not as a theologian; but that is just what Mr. Birks cannot abide. Besides, it is idle to talk of a veil having been withdrawn. The opinions in question could be no matter of mere suspicion to any reader of ordinary knowledge and judgment. It would be hard to find a more unfair or ungenerous charge against the memory of a man who was notoriously so far from being given to dissimulation that he was incapable of it even in cases where it is commonly thought right and wise. As for the "sensationalism in metaphysics" of a thinker one of whose latest essays was an admirable exposition of Berkeley's immaterialism, it may serve as a specimen of Professor Birks's accuracy in the use of philosophical terms.

It would be an unprofitable task to follow the Knightbridge Professor through all his carplings and chidings. For reasons already hinted at, we hold it a matter of great indifference whether more holes can be picked in the system of Paley or of Bentham, or whether J. S. Mill was wise or unwise in treating Paley with so little respect as he did; nor has Mr. Birks dealt with these topics so as to invest them with any peculiar interest. The thing that comes out most clearly is that Professor Birks has yet to learn the rudiments of controversial civility. J. S. Mill has said in effect that the value of Paley's work is much lessened by a presumption, arising from inspection of the work itself, that he set out, "consciously or unconsciously," to prove foregone conclusions. Now Professor Birks treats Paley with comparative tenderness, considering that he was a Cambridge man and had a "sincere faith in a diluted Christianity." So hereupon he falls into a mighty rage and talks (notwithstanding the saving words we have cited) of indirect calumny, imputing corrupt motives, and the like. There is, in fact, no attack on Paley's personal character except in Professor Birks's imagination. The fault J. S. Mill rightly or wrongly found in Paley is not moral, but intellectual, and is one from which hardly any man can hope to be entirely free. The power to form a wholly unbiassed judgment on any question other than a question of fact in which one has no interest is a rare and difficult excellence of mind. But it is natural that Professor Birks should impute to others the sort of personal feeling which he himself brings to the discussion. In the same way he cannot be content with saying that he thinks Bentham's comments on the "ascetic principle" unfair, but must needs pass a solemn moral censure upon Bentham for bearing false witness against his neighbour. Bentham on the whole fares the worst of all the three heretics at the Professor's hands, as having been the most plainspoken and aggressive. Mr. Birks is not satisfied with demolishing his morality. Early in the book he makes a grudging acknowledgment of Bentham's "partial merit as a jurist," but later he takes much pains to say that, although he does not profess to be a competent critic of Bentham's jurisprudence, it is nevertheless his "deep and settled conviction" that when a man's ethical speculations are so shocking his legal speculations must be very nearly as bad. It is suggested in one place that Bentham's influence has been much overrated, and in another that it may be answerable for the present troubles of France and Spain. To crown all, Mr. Birks assures us that he does not remember "in the course of forty years to have met with any one who professed himself indebted to Bentham for a single important idea." We can only suppose that during that time Mr. Birks has employed a skill and diligence worthy of a better purpose in confining his conversation to persons of his own way of thinking. In the midst of these amenities the reader will be agreeably surprised to learn that Professor Birks disapproves of "reckless abuse of celebrated writers whose religious creed or political leanings displease us." Bentham and Mill are celebrated writers whose religious creeds and political leanings displease Professor Birks; but either they are too bad for any abuse of them to be reckless, or Mr. Birks has different notions from most people as to what amounts to reckless abuse. Besides these personal attacks, there are a great many metaphorical flowers of speech designed to set forth the meanness and wickedness of utilitarianism. The system is compared to the bridge built by Sin and Death in *Paradise Lost*. We are also told that it "will swiftly land its disciples in a blind, dark, and gloomy fatalism." A favourite image is the contrast between the "low marsh lands" of utilitarian morality and the "lofty mountain-tops"

\* *Modern Utilitarianism; or, the Systems of Paley, Bentham, and Mill Examined and Compared.* By Thomas Rawson Birks, Knightbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.



which Professor Birks says he was especially disappointed at not finding in Locke, and which, we presume, he finds in himself. We are as much in the dark as ever as to what these mountain-tops of the true objective morality may be. For we still find only vague phrases about a kind of moral geometry—a metaphor the danger of which we formerly pointed out—and “an ideal standard of humanity . . . conceived as prior to the actual conditions of human life.” As we happen to live in the actual conditions of human life, we are low-minded enough to ask only for a rule by which we can govern ourselves under these conditions. The lofty mountain-tops are too high for us.

We ought perhaps to give a specimen or two of Professor Birks's reasoning. He tries to retort on utilitarians the charge of deserting the inductive method, and he does it on this wise:—

Utilitarianism, again, is so far inductive, that it refers to experience to decide what things are pleasant or painful, and also in what cases, or to what extent, pleasure may lead to pain, or pain to pleasure. But in its main and fundamental principle, that the rightness or wrongness of actions is to be determined by their tendency to the greatest sum of pleasures, diminished by the smallest amount of pain, and by that alone, it is plainly intuitive first, and then deductive, and deserts the path of induction altogether.

Mr. Birks does not see that the object of the utilitarian theory is not to set up a new test for the presence or absence in actions of a mysterious quality called rightness, but to find out and express in terms fitted to lead to scientific prediction what people really mean when they call actions right or wrong; and this is done by a strictly inductive process—namely, by comparing the kinds of actions which people have in fact called right or wrong at different times and places. This is well brought out in Mr. Fitz-james Stephen's tract which we have already mentioned. Again, Professor Birks quotes the passage in which Mr. Mill seeks to show how virtue comes to be loved for its own sake, though at first desired not as an end but as a means, and illustrates this by the familiar case of the love of money for its own sake. On this Mr. Birks triumphantly asks, Is not the love of money for its own sake a bad thing? And “If the Utilitarian creed be correct, why should not the acquired love of virtue for its own sake, however conceivable as a fact, be equally worthy of blame?” Such a question is almost childish. Of course the answer is that, on the whole, the welfare of mankind is helped by the habit of loving virtue for its own sake, but hindered by that of loving money for its own sake. We pass over lesser blunders, such as the statement that utilitarians define happiness as the summation of “momentary pleasures,” and we do not say that Mr. Birks's remarks on points of detail may not sometimes be right. Still less do we undertake to defend Bentham or Mill against all comers. But we do think they have earned the right to be criticised with competent understanding and decent respect.

It must be allowed that this book contains about three consecutive pages of good sense—namely, Bentham's observations on the principle of sympathy and antipathy, which serve as a text for one of Professor Birks's bitter homilies. We may fitly conclude by quoting from these the paragraph which seems most applicable to Professor Birks himself:—

Another man says that there is an eternal and immutable rule of right; that that rule of right dictates so and so; and then he begins giving you his sentiments upon anything that comes uppermost, and these sentiments, you are to take for granted, are so many branches of the eternal rule of right.

#### SOCIETY AT MADRID IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.\*

THE Countess d'Aulnoy, hitherto best known, at least to English readers, as the inventor of lively fairy tales, is presented to us in this reprint of her travels in Spain as an equally lively observer; not, however, an observer of the same things that excite the attention and raise the enthusiasm of the modern traveller, for the subject-matter of travels has changed in the last two hundred years, and what a modern authoress would expatiate on in her finest manner excites very little of Mme. d'Aulnoy's attention. But the reader is, in our opinion, no loser by the difference; for men and manners reproduce themselves on paper much more easily than the charm of rocks, mountains, and sunset effects, which make very dull reading in all but a poet's hands. The Pyrenees are with her things to be got over, not described. She misses on their heights the *beaux châteaux* which make the banks of the Loire fairyland; and though she admits that nature in those regions, in spite of its horrors, has “quelque chose de très beau,” she spends much more time in describing the tapestries of a castle, when she does find one, than in noting the particulars of this impression. In fact, eager sight-seer as she is, she finds so little to tell on her way to the capital that she has recourse to imaginary adventures to give interest to her letters. Crossing the Pyrenees in February (1669) was, however, no trifle for a Frenchwoman of the period. It gives us a high idea of her spirit and enterprise. She travels in state with a large attendance and ample means, and everywhere is received with distinguished attentions. What the motive was for such a journey, or whether it had any other motive than to visit a relative of high consideration at Madrid, does not appear. Her style is easy, and entirely free from the formalities which encumber the letters of that noted politician the Princess des Ursins, written from the same capital some five-and-twenty

years later. We do not find *her* apologising to her friend, “I cannot do myself the honour of dwelling longer on these gloomy topics.” What she laid herself out to describe were the habits and manners of the Spanish Court and great world, which she had every opportunity of observing, for her vivacity, good humour, and knowledge of the world must have made her everywhere a welcome guest. We might also add her tolerance, but probably there was no idea of anything to tolerate in the lofty sphere open to her inspection. She sets down what she hears and sees without the scruples and with none of the circumlocution which would have been indispensable in these days. She sees what is wrong, but her line is rather to note it as a Spanish variety of wrongdoing than from the general moral point of view.

No picture of manners can be more strange than that here presented to us. Most people sin to amuse themselves, but amusement seems with a Spanish grandee of that day scarcely to enter into his calculations. Decorum and etiquette reign, nay tyrannize, everywhere, and religion exacts its tribute in the most unlikely scenes, and from professors the furthest possible from doing it credit. For example, not only was the King's queen compelled on his death to enter a convent, but his mistresses were under the same obligation. In fact a great deal that we read can only be explained by the hold which Moorish manners and ways of thought still had on society and family life. The men had learnt to sit like Christians, but the ladies still sat on the ground, to the infinite inconvenience of their visitor, who made the experiment till she could bear the uneasy position no longer, when her pretty hostess was prevailed upon for the first time in her life to sit on a chair. The separation of the sexes was maintained with almost Mahomedan strictness. On one occasion sixty ladies assembled for a visit of ceremony, “without one poor solitary hat among them,” their attendants being dwarfs. But not the less were their heads entirely full of the subject which it was the great aim of fathers, husbands, and duennas to keep out of sight and thought. On this all their ingenuity and a surprising patience exercised themselves. Mme. d'Aulnoy is constantly struck by their charm of manner and grace of expression, and also by the spirit and constancy with which they conducted love affairs, which were the absorbing interest, the prevailing topic, and almost the only occupation of lives with little else to interest them.

Everything tended to make the life of a Spanish grandee dull and difficult. Nothing but pride and an overpowering idea of consequence, and probably the “pitiable idleness” in which they were trained, could have made men submit to the enormous inconveniences which rank entailed upon them. The higher the rank the more intolerable the trammels of etiquette, till they reached their height in the King's person, whose movements were so ruled by it that custom, quite apart from his wishes, regulated them. On this head our author tells the celebrated story of Philip III. dying of erysipelas because the right nobleman to move the brazier further off could not be found. One of the first things that struck a stranger was the enormous number of useless servants in great houses under the titles of domestics, pages, and gentlemen. When a great man died, if he had a hundred servants, his son was bound to keep them all without diminishing his previous establishment; if his mother died, all her women must be adopted by his wife:—

J'ai été chez la duchesse d'Ossone (c'est une très-grande dame). Je demeurai surprise de la quantité de filles et de duennas dont toutes les salles et les chambres étaient pleines. Je lui demandai combien elle en avoit. “Je n'en ai plus que trois cents,” me dit-elle, “mais il y a peu que j'en avais encore cinq cents.”

And with all these hundreds of servants the law did not allow a nobleman to be attended by more than three lackeys, one of whose business it was to walk by the side of the horses that they might not entangle their feet in the long traces, a privilege of rank cherished in proportion to its inconvenience. The sense of distinction and of possession was enough for the grandee; to use and to enjoy what he possessed was a vulgar satisfaction which he left to his inferiors and creditors. Thus he had magnificent carriages which he never used, and astounding services of plate, consisting of hundreds, nay thousands, of dozens of plates and dishes, and was content to dine by himself—being however served by the page on his knees—on two eggs and a pigeon, if indeed these came safe to table; for the servants so pillaged the dishes on the way to table that Mme. d'Aulnoy recommended to her hosts the precaution of the Bishop of Burgos, who had on one occasion presented her with a ragoût locked into the dish by the cook, the second key being usually in the keeping of the master of the banquet, though forgotten in this particular instance. It was wholly inconsistent with a great man's dignity to look after his affairs, or to question his agent's accounts, or even to visit an estate that was not colossal. A man or woman of quality, says our author, who was of another temper herself, would rather die than bargain with a shopkeeper or receive change out of a piece of gold. The idea of making the most of their money was intolerable to men whose glory and highest ambition was to sit covered in the presence of the King, and some other equally fantastic privileges and immunities. This indifference to money and to personal luxury is, however, the redeeming point of the character brought before us. Mme. d'Aulnoy, whose *embonpoint*, as seen in her portrait, does justice to the good appetite she owns to, remarks on both men and women being small eaters, which accounts for the excessive thinness of the women, valued by them as a beauty, but far from such in her eyes; as she observes on “cette petite peau noire collée sur des os.” To the Temperance Society every Spaniard

\* *La Cour et la Ville de Madrid vers la fin du XVII<sup>e</sup> siècle.* Par la Comtesse d'Aulnoy. Édition nouvelle, revue et annotée par Mme. B. Carey. Paris: E. Plon et Co.

of that date ought to be a hero. The national sobriety is always impressing their foreign observer, and the horror of drunkenness was such that to be called a drunkard justified, as it always ensured, assassination.

The women in these spheres were equally victims to the penalties of greatness. We have always heard that the Queen of Spain has no legs, but the saying ought rather to have been that neither she nor any Spanish lady of rank has feet. All the sex's delicacy gathered round this member. The Queen of Philip V. hunting with the King fell from her horse with her foot in the stirrup. Don Alonzo Marique, St. Simon tells us, had the address and hardihood to disengage her foot in time to save her life, but, at once remounting his horse, he galloped to the nearest sanctuary, knowing that to touch the Queen's foot was death. Our author, being present at the toilet of a Spanish beauty (to which she remarks, in distinction from France, no men were allowed admittance), observed the lady at one point lock the door, take out the key, and draw the bolts, and, being asked the reason for these precautions, said she knew there were gentlemen in the house, and she would rather die than they should see her feet; which, it is observed, were of the *petitess* of a child of six or seven. The dress was made so long in front for the purposes of concealment that walking was a difficulty. In fact, except that Mme. d'Aulnoy remarks on the singular grace of their movements—"more flying than walking," "elles serrent leur coude contre leur corps, et vont sans lever les pieds comme lorsqu'on glisse"—it would seem to have been the aim to prevent women of distinction from walking at all; for the Court dress required them to put on "chapins," a sort of shoe which raised them high from the ground, but which required that the wearer for security's sake should be supported on each side. The restraints to which women were condemned have been the source of thousands of comedies and romances. Our author, relating the arrival of the French bride of Charles II., which happened during her residence in Madrid, writes:—

C'est une chose digne de pitié que le procédé qu'a cette vieille camarera avec elle (la reine). Je sais qu'elle ne souffre pas qu'elle ait un seul cheveu frisé ni qu'elle approche des fenêtres de sa chambre ni qu'elle parle à personne.

And with regard to the natural curl, which was among things forbidden, a touch of barbarism is noted of which there are other indications:—

Elle nous dit que la reine avait été bien plus émue de l'incivilité de la camarera mayor, qui voyant quelques-uns de ses cheveux mal arrangés sur son front, avait craché dans ses mains pour les unir.

It may have been the extraordinary dominion exercised by old ladies which gave rise to a singular habit here recorded, and verified by another authority. The Spanish ladies devoted themselves quite as much to the cares of the toilet as the ladies of any other country, rousing to such an excess that their critic had in one instance seen boiled lobsters less brilliant. Not only the cheek, but the chin, the tips of the ears, the shoulders, and the hands were all tinged; but to these heightened charms they added a pair of spectacles:—

Je demeurai surprise, en entrant chez la princesse de Monteleon, de voir plusieurs dames fort jeunes avec une grande paire de lunettes sur le nez attachées aux oreilles, et ce qui m'étonnait encore davantage, c'est qu'elles ne faisaient rien où des lunettes leur soient nécessaires. Elles causaient et ne les ôtaient point. L'inquiétude m'en prit, et j'en demandai la raison à la marquise de la Rosa, avec qui j'ai lié une grande amitié. C'est une jolie personne, qui sait vivre et dont l'esprit est bien tourné; elle est Napolitaine. Elle se prit à rire de ma question et elle me dit que c'était pour la gravité, et qu'on ne les mettait pas par besoin, mais seulement pour attirer du respect. "Voyez-vous cette dame," me dit-elle, en me montrant une qui était assez proche de nous; "je ne crois pas, que depuis dix ans elle ne les ait quittées que pour se coucher." Sans exagération elles mangent avec, et vous rencontrerez dans les rues et dans les compagnies beaucoup de femmes et d'hommes qui ont toujours leurs lunettes.

Passive endurance of inconvenience is a universal trait, down to the cherished dirt, mud, dust, and intolerable nuisances of Madrid—which a German writer said you could smell six leagues round, and any attempt to purify which raised almost a riot. The inhabitants even considered them necessary to health:—

Quand il meurt un cheval, ou quelque autre animal, on le laisse dans la rue où il est, fût-ce devant la porte du palais, et le lendemain il est en poudre. L'on est persuadé que si l'on ne jetait pas ainsi ces ordures dans les rues, la peste ne serait pas longtemps sans être à Madrid, et elle n'y est jamais.

Into the excessive corruption of manners which is often indicated by our author we need not enter. Idle and ignorant, married at sixteen or seventeen, and henceforth freed from all restraint, and never quitting Madrid unless for some great employment for which he was unfit, the Spanish nobleman started in life with no chance. Two passions swayed his life, and furnished at once his business and his recreation. The strange love of blood and horrors, which every memoir of the time dwells on as a national characteristic, mixes itself equally with his amusements, his love, and his religion. Assassinations were not so much a scandal as a duty where honour had been attacked or impugned. The only blood that was willingly spared was that of criminals. The Countess is present at a bull-fight of extraordinary magnificence, where one man is killed on the spot, and two others were mortally wounded:—

Cependant ils disaient tous que la course n'avait pas été fort belle, parce qu'il n'y avait guère eu de sang répandu; que pour une telle fête il y aurait dû avoir au moins dix hommes tués sur la place.

Among the preparations for the marriage of Charles II., whose bride she saw enter in procession, was an *auto da fe*. Whether her curiosity would have led her to assist at it she does not say;

but she gives the ceremonial, as it was reported to her, as a pious and splendid spectacle. The tone quite explains what excites Horace Walpole's wonder in speaking of an insurrection in the Madrid of his day against the ordinance commanding hats to be cocked and cloaks shortened—"A nation that has borne the Inquisition cannot support a cocked hat!" Nobody objected to see a Jew or a Protestant burnt. But her account of the disciplinants in the Holy Week is the strangest in relation to this subject:—

C'est une chose bien désagréable de voir les disciplinants. Le premier que je rencontrai pensa me faire évanouir. Je ne m'attendais pas à ce beau spectacle qui n'est capable que d'effrayer; car enfin figurez-vous un homme qui s'approche si près qu'il vous couvre tout de son sang; c'est là un de leurs tours de galanterie. Il y a des règles pour se donner la discipline de bonne grâce, et les maîtres en enseignent l'art comme on montre à danser et à faire des armes.

Then follows a description of the dress concealing the face, having two great holes at the back, baring the shoulders, with ribbons hanging to the sleeves:—

Ils en mettent aussi un [ruban] à leur discipline; c'est d'ordinaire leur maîtresse qui les honore de cette faveur. Il faut pour attirer l'admiration publique, ne point gesticuler des bras, mais seulement que ce soit du poignet et de la main; que les coups se donnent sans précipitation et le sang qui en sort ne doit point gâter leurs habits. Ils se font des écorchures effroyables sur les épaules, d'où coulent deux ruisseaux de sang; ils marchent à pas comptés dans les rues; ils vont devant les fenêtres de leurs maîtresses, où ils se fustigent avec une merveilleuse patience. La dame regarde cette jolie scène au travers des jalousies de sa chambre, et par quelque signe elle l'encourage à s'écorcher tout vif, et elle lui fait comprendre le gré qu'elle lui fait de cette sorte de galanterie. Quand ils rencontrent une femme bien faite, ils se frappent d'une certaine manière, qui fait ruisseler le sang sur elle. C'est là une fort grande honnêteté, et la dame reconnaît la reconnaissance.

Returning from this extraordinary exercise, the penitent first has his shoulders rubbed with salt and vinegar, and then sits down to supper with his friends, each one assuring him that in the memory of man no one had given himself the discipline with such grace. "Do not think," she concludes, "that I embellish my story to amuse you; it is all true to the letter, and any one who has been at Madrid will tell you the same." We conclude for want of space, though we could willingly have given some good stories and dwelt longer on her estimate of character and on the good qualities which, in spite of these grave faults and strange eccentricities, engaged Mme. d'Aulnoy's admiration and sympathy. She evidently liked the Spaniards—men and women—with whom she associated, and was liked by them.

#### MISS WORDSWORTH'S TOUR IN SCOTLAND.\*

IN the year 1803 Wordsworth, who had then been settled at Grasmere for some time, made a tour with his sister in Scotland. Miss Wordsworth kept a journal, some fragments of which were prefixed to the poems suggested to her brother during the tour. Principal Shairp, who edits the journal, now for the first time published entire, is of opinion that lovers of Wordsworth's poetry will have learnt these sentences by heart. Though we feel the danger of the avowal, we must confess that the test thus suggested is rather too stringent. We hope that it is possible to be a very sincere lover of Wordsworth and yet not to be blessed with so retentive a memory. Miss Wordsworth's journal, however, is not only very excellent in itself, but is interesting as an illustration of her brother's poetry. We have been rather spoilt of late years by many descriptions of scenery pitched in a much higher key than that journal. Every scribbler thinks it right to be in an ecstasy on the sight of a mountain; and, if we were confiding enough to take their own words for it, we should suppose that modern tourists are incomparably more sensitive than their grandfathers. Yet people who have had an opportunity of watching the tourist on the spot, and of afterwards reading his descriptions, are inclined to be slightly sceptical. To all outward appearance, a gentleman has passed his half-hour or so on the top of a hill in grumbling at the quality of the luncheon supplied by the last hotel; and has at most shown due homage to the view by getting up a smart geographical controversy with his companions. When he comes home and puts his remarks on paper, we find that underneath this frigid exterior he ought to have been filled with poetic rapture; and perhaps it is not uncharitable to suppose that some of the rapture was concocted in cold blood. Even where there is genuine feeling, few people dare to express themselves naturally. Nobody can doubt, for example, Mr. Ruskin's intense enjoyment and delicate appreciation of high mountain scenery; and yet in some of his really eloquent passages we feel that there is a little too much self-consciousness and foregone determination to be striking. In Miss Wordsworth's journal there is a complete absence of any such questionable ornament. She is writing down her impressions as faithfully and briefly as she can. If she happens to think a mountain view ugly, she says so in plain terms without having the fear of guide-books before her eyes. So little had been said about Highland scenery in 1803—two years, that is, before the appearance of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*—that as yet there was no temptation to hypocrisy. No tyrannous public opinion had marked out the particular spots where you were to shed tears, and the others where you were to be annoyed by some evidence of bad taste. When an expression of delight in the scenery comes we feel that it is absolutely sincere, and are moved to sympathy ac-

\* *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland, A.D. 1803.* By Dorothy Wordsworth. Edited by J. C. Shairp, LL.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1874.



cordingly. At the same time we perceive that the descriptions, though very plain in expression, are made with something of a purpose. In some cases they are brief notes of scenery and impressions which Wordsworth afterwards turned into poetry. But even where they have not actually been turned to account in this way, we can see the marks of the habitual practice. As a painter jots down rough memoranda in a sketch-book which may give him hints for future composition, Miss Wordsworth is always accumulating possible suggestions for her brother's work. The intention may not be consciously entertained at every moment, but the habit has been acquired with a view to such purposes. The result is to impress a peculiar character upon the journal. As Principal Shairp says, there is very little fine writing; but those parts are selected for notice which would tell in poetry. We constantly come upon little vignettes of scenery or brief anecdotes of character which might have served as a text-book for characteristic poems. Frequently the material has been used, and the editor has given in an appendix the poetry which was suggested by the prose. Elsewhere we must fancy for ourselves what would have been the treatment. A quotation or two may best illustrate the character of these notes for poems. Here, for example, is a passage which suggested a well-known poem:—

The sun had been set for some time, when, being within a quarter of a mile of the ferryman's hut, our path having led us close to the shore of the calm lake, we met two neatly-dressed women, without hats, who had probably been taking their Sunday evening's walk. One then said to us, in a friendly, soft tone of voice, "What, you are stepping Westwards?" I cannot describe how affecting this simple expression was in that remote place, with the Western sky in front yet glowing with the departed sun.

And here is another evening scene, which has not been put into verse, though it dimly recalls a number of passages in Wordsworth's poetry which are almost identical in sentiment:—

At that time of the evening when, by looking steadily, we could discover a few pale stars in the sky, we saw upon an eminence, the bound of our horizon, though very near to us, facing the bright yellow clouds of the West, a group of figures that made us feel how much we wanted in not being painters. Two herdsmen, with a dog beside them, were sitting on the hill, overlooking a herd of cattle scattered over a large meadow by the river-side. Their forms, looked at through the fading light, and backed by the bright West, were exceedingly distinct, a beautiful picture in the quiet of a Sabbath evening, exciting thoughts and images of almost patriarchal simplicity and grace.

We need not inquire whether, as the editor thinks, these and other passages in Miss Wordsworth's writings indicate original powers which might have fitted her to take an independent place in literature. Sometimes the poetic version adds but very little to her plainer prose, but it must be also remembered that in that very little often lies the whole indefinable charm of poetic treatment. In one particular case where the brother puts into verse a sentiment common to the two we cannot affect to admire the result very warmly. When at Dumfries they heard some remarks about the temptations to which the sons of Burns were exposed. Wordsworth gave them excellent advice in some stanzas, one of which we may quote, as our readers are not likely to know it by heart. He tells them to be watchful:—

For honest men delight will take  
To spare your failings for his sake,  
Will flatter you, and fool and rake  
Your steps pursue;  
And of your father's name will make  
A snare for you.

The question which these verses suggest is whether it would be better to be sober and never do anything better, or to drink and write some of Burns's lyrics. Luckily Wordsworth could rise into loftier regions; and his sister's journal is full of suggestions for his most characteristic vein of thought. The homely life of the Scotch peasantry, and the noble scenery of their hills, are touched with equal tenderness of feeling. Miss Wordsworth's taste in mountains is a little coloured by her natural prejudice in favour of the English lakes. The editor indeed says, in his pleasant introduction to the journal, that the Wordsworths did not look upon the Scotch hills with a sense of rivalry, but of brotherhood; and he adds that they were free from the vulgar habit of comparing. It is creditable to his freedom from Scotch prejudice that he should take this view. There is only one place in which his patriotism is a little too much for him, and that is where Miss Wordsworth innocently remarks that the herrings of Loch Fyne are superior to "those which we get in the North of England." "I should rather think so" is the indignant comment excited by the bare suggestion that some possible scale of comparison could be arranged with whatever advantage to the Scotch commodity. There are, however, a good many comparisons between English and Scotch scenery, not of course according to the vulgar fashion of the modern tourist, who likes to have mountain peaks arranged in precise order of merit. And we must add that, as a rule, Miss Wordsworth inclines to assert the superiority of the English scenery more frequently than we should have expected. She seems to have been more struck than a modern tourist would think right by a painful sense of the savage and barren character of the Scotch hills. Neither Wordsworth nor his sister took the misanthropic or Byronic view of scenery; they liked to see the smoke of a cottage chimney, or a flock of sheep, or a cluster of trees round a farmhouse in the foreground of their landscapes. Nor is it to be forgotten that Scotch travelling was then a very different thing from what it is now; and that the hardships to be endured were sufficient to be really trying to the health. Miss Wordsworth seems to have been a very good traveller; but Coleridge, who had rashly joined them,

apparently had enough of roughing it after a visit to the Trossachs, and deserted his over-hardy companions. The tourist who this autumn visits Loch Katrine, Inverary, Loch Awe, or the pass of Killiecrankie, may add to his comforts by taking this volume with him and comparing his luxurious hotels with the smoky huts and taverns in which the Wordsworths had frequently to take refuge. When he compares the bill presented to him with such charges as seven and sixpence for a day's board and lodging for brother and sister, with a horse and carriage, he will perhaps reflect that there are two sides to the question. It is, however, worth remarking that the tide of tourists had already set in, though Scott's poetry had not yet increased the returns of duty on post-horses. Principal Shairp quotes two or three publications which show that the Trossachs in particular were beginning to attract notice about the year 1790; and, in more accessible places, we find from Miss Wordsworth's journal that the tourist was already a recognized variety of the human species, and that Scotch innkeepers were learning how to turn him to account. Indeed we are generally accustomed to assign too modern a date to the recent taste for mountain scenery. The Alps had already attracted a large number of tourists during the generation which intervened between the Seven Years' War and the French Revolution. When English travellers were confined to their own island by the outburst of the new war, the Scotch mountains naturally received a greater share of attention, and it is probable that the Trossachs would have been soon advertised by some innkeeper even if the *Lady of the Lake* had never been written. Few travellers, however, either at that period or at any later time have enjoyed that favourite spot more keenly than the Wordsworths, who visited it twice and found it difficult to express their warm admiration.

We may add one trifling remark. The Wordsworths are surprised by hearing a Scotchman call the weather "gay and dull," and by other similar usages. Principal Shairp explains that "this is none other than the well-known Scotch word 'gey'—indifferently, tolerable, considerable." He is of course quite right, but it strikes us as odd that the Wordsworths should not have recognized it, inasmuch as we have constantly heard it used in precisely the same sense in the English Lake district. It would be easy to make a plausible argument showing how this inattention is characteristic of Wordsworth as compared, for example, with Scott, who could never have missed such a phrase. But we leave the task to our readers.

#### HUNT'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF ITALY.\*

ON glancing over this compact little History of Italy, which forms one of the series of school-books now appearing under Mr. Freeman's editorship, one cannot but reflect how happily, speaking from a purely literary point of view, the course of modern Italian politics has run. It is not so long since the history of Italy was a melancholy tale of freedom lost for lack of knowledge how to use or keep it, of a people with noble gifts crushed and degraded under the yoke of priests, despots, and aliens, and the chronicler could speak of unity and freedom only as matter for patriotic dreams. Had our historian written only just before the late war, he might indeed have spoken in tones of triumph of what had already been done, and of hope for what yet remained to be done, but his story would still have been like a novel with the third volume lost. The hero would still have been seeking the heroine who was to reward his labours; the King of Italy would still have been outside the gates of Rome. As it is, the author is enabled to drop the curtain on a dramatic *dénouement*, leaving Rome, shorn indeed of her somewhat hollow grandeur as the capital of the world, but rejoicing in the truer, if more modest, dignity of being "the seat of a liberal and enlightened Government, the head of free and united Italy." We have only quoted a few words, but they are enough to show that Mr. Hunt goes heartily along with the Italian King and people, and that consequently, wherever his work may be adopted as a text-book, it will not be where Archbishop Manning has influence. The Italian Government, on the other hand, might find it to their advantage to have it translated into their own tongue, and used in all the schools of the country, so well does it tell the tale of the triumph of the Liberal cause and the accomplishment of Italian unity. It is not often that contemporary history is made clear and even interesting in a short compass, but this feat the author has performed, showing himself able to do justice alike to the brilliant achievements of Garibaldi, and to the less romantic but more statesmanlike work of Cavour. No theological animosity is displayed, nor indeed are religious questions, as such, entered upon at all. But it is impossible to tell the history even of quarrels long gone by, of the strife of St. Anselm and William Rufus, of St. Thomas and Henry II., much more that of Pius IX. and Victor Emmanuel, without hurting somebody's religious or political feelings; and the most conscientious attempt to be impartial inevitably ends in giving the advantage to the secular side of the dispute. Mr. Hunt is able to dwell upon the mysterious, half-religious reverence with which men of the age of Dante regarded the Emperor, because the Empire and all the lofty visions connected with it are gone for ever; but he cannot bring out so clearly the well nigh divine position which the Pope still holds in the minds of many, because the question is too "burning" a one to be handled with safety. There is perhaps

\* *Historical Course for Schools. History of Italy.* By William Hunt, M.A., Vicar of Congresbury, Somerset. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

something almost *naïf* in his remark that "Pope Pius, by uttering curses and complaints against the policy of the King and his Government, has made it difficult for the King's Ministers to deal with him on those terms of cordial respect which they would wish to observe." In the ears of one of the faithful this must sound much as if Robin Hood and Little John had represented that the Bishop of Hereford, by uttering curses and complaints against them for abstracting three hundred pounds from his "portmantua," had made it difficult for them to deal with him on those terms of cordial respect which they would have wished to observe. And we may be sure that no Roman Catholic instructor in this country will consent to let his pupils hear, in place of pathetic rhapsodies about the "prisoner of the Vatican," the simple and unromantic facts that the Pope's "personal comfort and dignity were carefully considered by the King," that "he was even allowed to keep his guards, and an ample income was secured to him." As for the statement that "the loss of Rome and of all temporal dominions in no way changed the spiritual title and power of the Pope," the Ultramontane reader may perhaps retort that, if by spiritual power is meant the ability to consign one man to heaven and another to hell, the information is unnecessary; for this power, if it exists at all, would remain the same whether the King of Italy were to throw the Pope to the lions, or himself to come a bare-footed penitent to the door of the Vatican. Those who are not Ultramontanes will probably, like ourselves, be well content with Mr. Hunt's account, and wish for no alteration, save that the time may come when the last section, "Italy since 1870," will have to be re-written, and when "the work of regenerating a country which has suffered more than any other from a long bondage, both mental and physical," will be spoken of, not as a difficult task still to be completed, but as an accomplished fact.

When we turn to past times, the interest of the narrative is less, though not altogether by the fault of the author. There is no leading idea, such as that of Italian unity, to connect the narrative, which of necessity skips to and fro among the various States—Rome, Florence, Milan, and so forth; and the charm of character or of picturesque detail is denied by the stern requirements of brevity. Mr. Hunt's epitome has a great deal of information crowded within its narrow limits, and is throughout the work of one who has a firm grasp of his subject, and an interest in and love for the country whose history he writes; he has arranged his materials well, and wound his way skilfully through the maze of Popes, Emperors, Kings, Grand Dukes, Republics, tyrants, and what not. The name of the editor alone would be enough to guarantee the careful bringing out and explanation of one complicated and puzzling subject—the relations between Italy and the Emperor. Nothing can be plainer than the following account of the position of the German potentate who was also rightful sovereign of Italy:—

The crown of the Italian kingdom or of Lombardy, and that of the Empire, which latter brought with it rights over Rome and the Lombard Duchies, were now again worn by a German King; and from this time the belief began to grow that he who was chosen King by the Germans had a right to be crowned King of Italy at Milan and Emperor at Rome. The coronation of Otto was a great revival of the Empire, for the Italian Emperors had been no more than Kings of part of Italy with a high-sounding, but in their case a meaningless, title. But from that time the great armies of the German Kings made the title of Augustus again venerable. If the Imperial dignity had remained in the hands of Italian Princes, it would certainly have lacked the vast and splendid theories which clustered round it, but possibly the Italian King, aided by so great a name, might have formed a free and united Italy. As it was, the Empire gained in strength by being joined to a great power like Germany; but as the German King thus became rightful Emperor and King of Italy, it thus strangely happened that the lawful Sovereign of the land was of another nation.

Kings of the Romans, Emperors-elect, and Emperors, all receive their proper titles in this volume, instead of being, as usual, jumbled together under the misleading name of Emperors of Germany; and the Emperor of Austria—a potentate whose title is a sufficient crime to make him odious in the eyes of the champions of the Holy Roman Empire—is not allowed a chance of decking himself in the plumes of the successor of Augustus. The Empire, says Mr. Hunt, concisely and decidedly, "was founded by Augustus, it was renewed by Charles the Great, it was restored by Otto, and it came to an end by the abdication of Francis II." We doubt, however, whether clearness is gained by refusing to allow Francis the title which he gave himself, and putting him off with that of "Austrian Emperor," which might equally well denote a Roman Emperor of Austrian birth. However, *Cæsar*—meaning the genuine *Cæsar*, and no Austrian or Corsican counterfeit—certainly has here all that is his rendered unto him, and perhaps a little more respect than is due to one of the many forms assumed by that curse of the world, the Grand Regulator who is to put everything right. Mr. Hunt truly remarks of the Italians of the age of Dante, "The study of the literature and the law of Rome in early days strongly implanted in men's minds reverence for the Emperor, a feeling often to be disappointed, and at last crushed by a nearer acquaintance with the bearer of this mighty title." That is to say, the Empire was a chimera, and required the enchanting effects of distance to make any one take it for a reality. The relations between the spiritual and the temporal Head of Christendom are equally well treated, and indeed almost all the political parts of the book are excellent, though, as a matter of language, we protest against being told that the Pope's "position as a temporal prince made his existence as much a given point in Italian politics as the existence of a king in Naples." This piece of modern jargon will probably sound as

mysterious to the youthful student as Mazzini's assertion that Rome—we quote Mr. Hunt's version of his words—represented "the eternal gospel of oneness to the people." Like epitomes in general, the book as a whole fails to be entertaining, although now and then the narrative becomes interesting, and sometimes even spirited. Besides the modern parts, of which we have already spoken, some of the incidents of Florentine history, particularly the conspiracy of the Pazzi, the ordeal and death of Savonarola, the siege and fall of Florence, and the death of her gallant defender Francesco Ferruccio, are among the best told in the book. The famous interview of the dying Bayard and the traitor Bourbon is given simply and impressively; but it might be asked why, when there was so little room to spare, the author chose to commemorate a scene between two Frenchmen, which might fairly have been left to French history, and did not rather devote the space to some incident more properly belonging to the Italians. In speaking of the havoc made among the French nobles and captains at Pavia, he gives a line to the memory of an Englishman who perished with them—Richard de la Pole, whom he erroneously describes as "grandson of our George Duke of Clarence." Here there has evidently been a confusion between the De la Poles who were nephews of Clarence, and the Poles who were his grandsons. The sections on miscellaneous subjects, such as the arts, are good, and architecture in particular is treated at more length, and in a more appreciative and interesting fashion, than is usual in a book of this class. The characteristics of the great schools of painting are well given in few words, although a slip has been made in describing the Cartoons of Raffaele as "designs from the Acts of the Apostles"—a description at least inadequate, seeing that the Miraculous Draught of Fishes and the Charge to St. Peter are both subjects taken from the Gospels. Mr. Hunt traces the fortunes of the Cartoons from Flanders to Hampton Court—perhaps, to be quite up with the march of modern events, it should have been added that they have now found their way to South Kensington—and he duly records Cromwell's good deed in saving them for England. Literature is rather capriciously treated. There is much about Dante, but Ariosto is only mentioned as a poet who wrote in Italian instead of in Latin, and Bojardo and Tasso are not so much as named, although Manzoni, by virtue of being a Liberal and writing with a political motive, gets a comparatively long notice.

The chief fault of the book is its frequent carelessness of style. Mr. Hunt writes in a calm and quiet tone, and avoids long words, but his language is often poor and awkward, and sometimes obscure. The iteration of "very," "great," and "but," three favourite words with this author, is vexatious both to ear and eye. "A great number were enlisted at Venice, both of those who had fled from the tyrant's cruelty, and many citizens of the Republic, which was endangered by Eccelino's great power." "But the Guelph party chose Otto, the son of Henry the Lion, who had been Duke of Saxony and Bavaria, but who had lost a great part of his dominions." When the Duke of Wellington put four *ands* into one paragraph, Cobbett remarked, "Never was this poor conjunction so worked before, except, perhaps, in some narrative of a little girl to her mother." Here, however, the conjunction *but* is worse treated, for it does duty seven times in one page. As for reckless employment of pronouns, take the following sentence:—"The armies of the Italian cities were no longer composed simply of citizens, for the different lords chose rather to hire heavy-armed cavalry, who were entirely dependent upon *themselves*, than to trust arms to *their* subjects which might be used to regain *their* freedom." Taking another sentence, we read:—"The cruelty, lust, and avarice of the conquerors brought very great evils upon the cities of South Italy, which were enriched by commerce, and offered *them* a tempting bait. *They* called the Emperor Lewis to help them, and he undertook the siege of Bari." It is only by attention to the statements which precede and follow that the reader can discover that the Emperor came to the aid of the afflicted cities, and was not, as the grammar implies, called in by the Saracen conquerors to lend a hand in the plundering. Then we are told:—"King Lewis and Ludovico both offered to help the Florentines against the Pisans, but *they* could not but remember that both parties had been the cause of their having lost the city in the first place, and *they* stood neutral." After reading this sentence over with the utmost attention, we are still in the dark as to who could not but remember, who stood neutral, and who "both parties" were. It is the more pity that there should be such blemishes as these, because Mr. Hunt can and often does write well, and because the matter is so good that it would have been worth the author's while to have bestowed some pains in making the manner more worthy of it. The very passage which is so thickly studded with *buts* contains an excellent account and comparison of the Italian and French systems of warfare in the fifteenth century, and might with little trouble have been made a readable piece of composition. A school-book, of all books in the world, ought not to contain sentences which would scarcely pass muster in a schoolchild's exercise. However, setting aside these faults of style, Mr. Hunt's work will no doubt be found of much use. The art, and to a certain extent the literature, of Italy are familiar subjects, but her political history is little known or understood by ordinary English people; and this book cannot fail to be welcome to many who wish to learn something of the fortunes of the land which in our own days has risen from a geographical division into a living nation. We will conclude with the suggestion that a chronological list of the Popes and Emperors should be added in



the next edition. This would be a great help to the reader, who at present is liable to be confused by the rapid succession of the spiritual potentates—sometimes two of them at once—and the passing and re-passing of Cæsars across the scene.

#### LONGEVITY.\*

THE case of the Tring centenarian, Betsy Leatherland, as lately stated in the *Times*, is only another proof of the ascertained fact that human life in these days may occasionally exceed the centenary barrier supposed by some to be its *ne plus ultra*. Betsy Leatherland is said to have been baptized on the 24th of April, 1763, at Chinnor, Oxon; married twenty-two years later at St. James's, Dover; left a widow in 1816 at Carrick-on-Shannon; and to be now living in her 111th year under the roof of friends at Tring, occupied during the winter with net-making, and in the harvest-tide toiling in the wake of the reapers. It appears from Mr. Piggott's letter to the *Times* that the few facts of her long life with their dates and vouchers are forthcoming in their order and sequence, though they could hardly escape the ordeal of Mr. Thoms's scrutiny, especially as Mrs. Leatherland's years have so exceptionally overleaped the barrier; but the real interest of this and similar cases—which are now too numerous established to admit of a wholesale negative—is not so much in the bare fact that human life is sometimes prolonged beyond a given limit, as in the help they offer towards the discovery of the causes conducive to such prolongation. If we accept the plausible calculation of Flourens that natural life is capable of extension to five times the period of growth, and if maturity is a variable quantity ranging from eighteen to twenty-one years, it follows that man's life is capable of reaching to ninety or from that to a hundred and five years. Whether much would be gained to the world by the frequency of such an exceptional prolongation of life is perhaps as questionable as the advantage of it to the persons themselves, who, we are told, are mostly loud in professing their readiness to depart. But not the less is it desirable, both on public and private grounds, to ascertain how far the effects of age can be mitigated or retarded, and to discover what conditions make for longevity or the contrary. The belief is common that the term of human life has increased in England and in other countries during the present century, and it is not impossible that it may be susceptible of greater and more general increase. In satisfaction of a natural and widely-spread curiosity on this subject, we have to offer a few crumbs of information and inference picked out of the most recent literature of longevity—namely, a volume by Dr. John Gardner, on the *Means of Prolonging Life after Middle Age*, which has just reached a second edition, and a paper read by Sir George Duncan Gibb, before the Anthropological Institute, on the Physical Condition of Centenarians. In many points the two writers will be found to agree, and the design of the one to examine the physical troubles incidental to advanced age with a view to their mitigation or avoidance is supplemented by the observations of the other with reference to a given number of examples of healthy and vigorous longevity.

An eminent physician once went so far as to maintain in his anatomical lectures that, "as far as he could observe, the human body, as a machine, was perfect; that it bore within it no marks by which we could predict its decay; that it was apparently calculated to go on for ever, and that we learned only by experience that it would not do so." Whether from enthusiasm in their subject, or from a confidence strengthened by research and inquiry, this belief is but a somewhat strong expression of that of many medical men. Dr. Gardner, for instance, seems by no means to despair of the eventual discovery of an "elixir vitæ," and argues for its probability from the analogy of anesthetics, so long deemed visionary, but now so largely multiplied and so generally accepted. We cannot follow him into the consideration of the specific medicines derived from the vegetable kingdom or found among the products of the chemical laboratory, which he anticipates will at no distant period be found to arrest the ravages of time on the human constitution. One of these is a vegetable remedy known by the name of Podophyllin, on which he relies to relieve the gouty constitution from its pervading poison. It is a resinous extract from the rhizomes of a herb of the Ranunculaceæ order, much used by American practitioners as a substitute for mercurials, and recommended to European use as entirely innocuous. Another on which Dr. Gardner sets great store is a patent medicine, in which the chief ingredient is the winter cherry (*Physalis Alkekengi*), said to be very useful as a diuretic, and reputed to be of decisive efficacy against gout. In like manner, "mullein" (*Thapsus verascum*) is commended in cases of bronchitis, and "digitalis," or preferably "veratrum viride" (another importation from America), for rheumatism in the region of the heart. But the only part of the advice as to these remedies which we should venture unreservedly to endorse is the caution not to dabble in any of them except under the direction of a trustworthy medical practitioner. Indeed we should be disposed to look for typical cases of longevity amongst persons less artificially kept alive than

by such a course of corrective and restorative medicines. Possibly the French writer who said "Men don't usually die, they kill themselves," may have allowed a fair margin for those who killed themselves by physic. We are much more inclined to go along with Dr. Gardner in attaching efficacy in retarding the inroads of old age to (1) mental tranquillity; (2) moderate sobriety; (3) warmth and good temperature. Fretting and fuming will wear out the best-constructed human machine; yet it is easier to prescribe than to practise on one's pillow "a determined direction of the thoughts to some subject as remote as possible from the ordinary and habitual currents, or one which can be entertained without the least admixture of emotions of a disagreeable kind" (p. 138). Nor indeed is it a great encouragement to the earnest seeker after the "elixir vitæ" who has secured a livelihood, but not a retiring pension, at threescore, to be told that rest ought to come at sixty at the latest. That a moderate use of wine is beneficial in advanced age, and that it, as well as the diet, should be regulated with a reference to former habits, is a position which needs no argument to support it. Light and frequent meals, due attention to clothing and ventilation, and moderate habitual exercise, must needs tend to secure the physical system against sudden disorder or the incidence of fatal interruption of functions. As Dr. Gardner sums it up:—

A tranquil mind, well-selected diet, moderation in the use of wine and other stimulants, exercise short of fatigue in favourable states of the weather, confinement to a warm house in cold and wet weather, well warmed and ventilated sleeping apartments, clothing adapted to the seasons, maintenance of the animal heat of the body, particularly of the lower extremities, careful avoidance of external influences tending to produce disease, malaria, and the like; judicious bathing, to secure a healthy skin—these are the principal points claiming the attention of aged persons, even when enjoying the best health.

Now these are just the points upon which Sir Duncan Gibb's personal examination of six ultra-centenarians, two of them male and four female, especially bears. It would seem that each and all of them were born with a capacity for long life, and, through favourable circumstances, conditions, and accidents, cultivated and did not impair that capacity. Luning, one of the men, a Hanoverian naturalized in England, died at Morden College, Blackheath, in 1870, at the age of 103, and is one of the admitted centenarians of Mr. Thoms's narrow list. The other, Eldritch, was alive and hearty, though just beginning to fail in intelligence, in 1872, at the age of 104. Sir D. Gibb, in comparing the two, observes:—"Luning had the appearance of one of the oldest men I ever saw, and just such as I could fancy in a person of his age; but it was completely eclipsed by that of Eldritch, who was a veritable patriarch, with locks of silvery grey hair reaching to his shoulders, and a beard of similar colour." His face wore a remarkably sweet expression, and there was no mistaking his great age. But the facts which came out most prominently in this examination were that in the case both of the males and females there was perfect integrity of the lungs and heart, especially of the former, perfect respiration and regular chest-expansion, and also, in four out of the six cases, good "bellows-power," to judge from the firmness and sonorous clearness of the voice, and the measured breathing during conversation. The epiglottis, or cartilage at the top of the windpipe, was in each vertical, as in its natural state, and not pendent, so ensuring the freest admission of air through the openness of the upper part of the larynx. The appearance of the countenance in all is described as a sort of silvery expression with great toughness of skin. The action of the heart in each was moderate and quiet, but not feeble, that organ itself being in no case enlarged or fatty. What is still more to the point, all had perfect digestion, and all a perfect composure of mind. In almost every particular the special senses—sight, smell, &c.—and the mental faculties were unimpaired; and as to condition of mind and body there was an absence of those changes which Dr. Gardner and Sir D. Gibb agree in looking for in persons approaching the allotted period of threescore years and ten.

Dr. Gardner, it would seem, attaches much importance to a keen watching of the human framework, as it approaches the grand climacteric of sixty-three years, with a view to the timely "stitch in time"; and has his own special correctives and preservatives to suggest. There is doubtless much truth in his remarks upon the effects of impure water in hastening premature decay, and we observe that Sir Duncan Gibb coincides with him in the opinion that the question of climate is unimportant as regards the attainment of longevity. As to travelling, he arrives at the prudent and comfortable conclusion that "the majority of persons who have passed the line of demarcation between adult and old age would do best by making judicious arrangements at home for warmth, pleasing occupation, exercise, and diet." Doubtless, also, food and regimen have a great deal to do with length of years, and here, rather than in medical nostrums, is the true use of a professional adviser. What to eat, drink, and avoid are questions oftener solved in theory than in practice. And it is only approximately that such typical longevitarians as Sir Duncan Gibb's little band can assist us in this matter, inasmuch as they seem to have been born to live long, and must have come into the world with a manifest predisposition that way. It would not do, of course, to indulge in raw cucumber, gooseberries, and the like up to the age of a hundred because Miss Wallace did so with impunity, even if it were safe to imitate her seven meals in the twenty-four hours. But it is safe to infer that frequent and moderate meals are better than to combine the extremes of fasting and gorging, after the

\* *Longevity: the Means of Prolonging Life after Middle Age.* By John Gardner, M.D. Second Edition. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

*The Physical Condition of Centenarians.* By Sir G. Duncan Gibb, M.A., &c. Journal of Anthropological Institute. Vol. II. No. 1. London: Trübner & Co.

manner of persons who bring upon themselves what Dr. Marshall Hall used to call the "temper disease" by total abstinence from food between breakfast and dinner. Perfect composure of mind can no more consist with such a trial to the morale of the best-tempered human being than perfect digestion. Thus much, however, is established in the examples cited by Sir D. Gibb, that in all the diet was simple and plain, and that the habits of all were temperate. If, as in the case of five out of the six, the teeth were quite equal to their office, and in one of the five as good as new, this may be an argument for taking more care in youth of those important functions, which exercise so vast an influence over health and digestion. On the whole, perhaps, we should be safer in accepting Sir D. Gibb's conclusion, that to reach the age of a hundred requires a naturally healthy constitution and an unimpeded performance of the great vital functions, than in believing with Dr. Gardner in the possibility of arresting decay with such precision as to prolong life to an extent yet unrealized. The former writer so far agrees with the latter as to believe that simplicity of regimen and avoidance of starch of potato, malt liquor, and cheese, which in their assimilation lead to changes in the bloodvessels that close life at the ordinary period, may ward off the predominance of an element most antagonistic to longevity; but he stops short of the proposal of Dr. Gardner to submit the whole question to public experiment, and to test the capacity for long life of a dozen men and a dozen women in a kind of Prytaneum, where they are to be subjected to treatment specially calculated to promote longevity. "Let them," writes this fond enthusiast, "be placed under careful and strict supervision; protected against all known external agencies capable of causing disease; supplied with clothing, allowed exercise, and a table furnished with every necessary and wholesome food." It must be added that these two dozen centenarians *in posse* are to be selected from "among the inmates of Unions," and this after ascertaining the history and antecedents of themselves and their ancestors, with a view to eliminating any element of hereditary disease. Further, they are to be instructed as to the aim and object of their being thus gathered into a sort of college of health, and lectured on the enormity of waywardness and indocility. But, to say nothing of the difficulties of making a satisfactory selection—especially out of the average workhouse—is not this notable plan fraught with failure in its minor details? Betsy Leatherland has, we are told, reached her 111 years by having led from youth to age more or less the gipsy life to which she was born. Sir D. Gibb's centenarians, for the most part, have their old age cheered by the care and kindness of descendants, perhaps in two or three generations. It is one secret of long life to live, when old, with the young. Lonely old age realizes the adage, "Obit anus, abit onus." But such a race for long life as Dr. Gardner suggests would break down through sheer weariness. To say nothing of the intolerable constraint and tedium, and the sense of being cooped and fattened for a purpose, at least a third of the twelve would be pretty sure to die of the prosings in the chimney corner. Perhaps, in any case, it is just as well that such schemes are likely to be abortive, for an increase of centenarianism might sadly disarrange the existing order of succession, and complicate, by overcrowding, the struggle for life.

#### MANUALS OF LITERATURE.\*

IT is said that Mme. Necker, having convinced herself that everything could be learned by profound study, set to work to acquire the art of conversation by rule. Of course she failed utterly in her attempt. Now, though there are few people who would not at once smile at the idea of talking well by rule, there are a great many who apply Mme. Necker's principle to the art of talking on paper, and who imagine that in order to become a good writer one has nothing to do but to study an English grammar and to learn by rote certain rules which they look upon as the laws of composition. Mr. Minto clearly belongs to this class of persons. In the introduction to his *Manual of English Prose Literature* he offers to students of the English language many pages of rules for the formation of style, and talks a great deal about the "elements of style" and the "qualities of style" and the "elegances of style." Indeed he gives so many directions as to the way in which everything must be said, that we feel sure any unfortunate being who tried to remember them all would be certain to forget, by the time he got to the end of them, what it was that he meant to say.

Mr. Minto seems to think that the great secret of success in literature lies in imitating the style of somebody else. He therefore sets to work after the fashion of children who, having got a speaking doll or a running mouse, or any other new and curious toy which they long to imitate, pull it to pieces to see how it is made, and find to their sorrow that seeing how it is made is very different from being able to make it. Mr. Minto, when he finds a piece of writing of unusual beauty, pulls it to pieces too, or analyses it, as he calls it, and then expects his students to produce something as good or better; for Mr. Minto always finds something to amend in the style of the best authors. In some respects this "Manual" differs from

the many other "Manuals of English Literature" which are published year by year without effecting that marked improvement in the style of written English which they all declare to be the aim of their existence. Mr. Minto deals with prose-writers alone; but, before entering on the consideration of prose-writers of an earlier date, he devotes a third part of his book to the examination of the merits and claims to admiration of the three men whom he looks upon as the greatest among the prose-writers of the nineteenth century. These three are De Quincey, Macaulay, and Carlyle. Of the first and of the last of these Mr. Minto is enthusiastic in admiration. To be sure he does say that the works of De Quincey are only a profitable study to the student who knows what to imitate and what to avoid. But surely the student who knows so much has got beyond the stage at which copying any one's style can be of use. Whatever the merits of Mr. Carlyle's style may be, it certainly cannot be recommended as "Standard English"; but this Mr. Minto has not yet found out. With Lord Macaulay he has much fault to find, and he takes the liberty of altering several of his sentences and paragraphs, and, as might have been expected, he alters them in every instance very much for the worse. Mr. Minto's power of appreciating Lord Macaulay may be best judged of from his telling us with solemn gravity that Lord Macaulay "kept up an acquaintance with such books as the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, chiefly for the purpose of drawing upon them for ornamental illustrations." Has Mr. Minto no faith in human memory? Has he himself contrived to sweep clean out of his head all the fairy tales and funny rhymes that first taught him what the world was like beyond the four walls of his nursery? or does he think that every man who by chance may quote these friends of his childhood keeps a small library of picture-books for private study? As for one of the books from which Lord Macaulay is thus supposed to have read daily lessons, Mr. Minto is as blind to its beauties as he is to those of Lord Macaulay's own style. We mean the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the book which perhaps has had the longest spell of popular favour of any book in the language, which has triumphed over all prejudices of social, political, and religious sects, and which still has a fascination for readers of all ages and of every class. In Mr. Minto's opinion this famous book has been vastly overrated. He tells us, somewhat to our amazement, that although Bunyan's "language is homely, it is not the language of everyday life, but rather that of the Church, of the Bible, of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*." Does Mr. Minto really think that the translators of the Authorized Version and the author of the *Book of Martyrs*, books which were specially designed to gain a hold upon the people, set to work to invent a language as unlike the "vulgar tongue" of their day as Mr. Carlyle's style is unlike the English of our own?

Mr. Minto, however, has views of his own about excellence of style. We had hitherto held that the best style was the style which most clearly conveyed the thoughts of the writer to the mind of the reader. Mr. Minto, it would seem, thinks otherwise. He scoffs at the notion that the difficulty of a subject can never be pleaded as an excuse for want of clearness, and that if an author's own ideas are clear, he should always be able to make them clear to others. Mr. Minto boldly asserts that "want of simplicity is not an absolute fault." He considers that "abstract subjects such as science or logic cannot be treated of in simple words, and that, though such words may make the subject clear to the unlearned, they only confuse the learned and scientific reader." If this were so, it would seem that the study of science must have a very bad effect on the brain, since it makes its followers incapable of understanding plain English. But the fact is quite the reverse of this. Those who have thoroughly mastered any science find no difficulty in imparting their knowledge to others in the simplest words. It is only semi-ignorance that loves to conceal its lack of light behind the veil of scientific slang. Men of real power know that if they wish to be understood they must find their words in the world. No words are so clear as common words; therefore, as clearness is the greatest characteristic of truth, if their thoughts be true, they must clothe them in familiar words. It is, indeed, only by the use of these familiar words that they can ever make their thoughts pass current as acknowledged truths.

Such a book as Mr. Minto's, painstaking as it is, is practically useless. It is impossible to make a book as one might make a pudding, by mixing up a variety of ingredients according to a carefully prepared recipe. It would be as hopeful a task to set to work to make a fine picture by grouping a given number of objects in strict accordance with the laws of perspective and of colour. The art of writing well may be learnt, but it can never be taught. The various devices which Mr. Minto suggests as "useful school exercises" remind us of the task of "turning Chaucer into good English," which is, we believe, much in favour in certain ladies' schools. The plain truth is that it is impossible to give a strict definition of style. The charm of a happy style is easily felt, but it is hard to understand, and harder still to explain. Southey said that to write well men have only to write as they speak; but Southey was wrong, for the words that sound very well when warmed by the expression of the speaker's glance and tone are often found to fall far short of his meaning when they are set down in black and white. Hence it comes that many a good speaker is a very poor writer, and that others again, like Goldsmith, can "write like an angel" yet speak "like poor Poll." Our greatest writers have been for the most part men of desultory reading who certainly never attempted to form their style by adhering closely to any fixed

\* *Manual of English Prose Literature*. By William Minto. London: Blackwood & Sons.

*Lost Beauties of the English Language*. By Charles Mackay, LL.D. London: Chatto & Windus.

*Introduction to the Language and Literature of England*. By G. B. Abernethy-Mackay. Calcutta: Wyman & Co.



rules of composition, still less by imitating the style of another author.

The title of Dr. Mackay's book, *Lost Beauties of the English Language*, gives us no inkling of the nature of its contents. It is merely a collection of words picked up at random, but many of them are not "beauties," and many more are not "lost." It is by the author's introductory essay that we must judge of his fitness for carrying out the difficult task he has undertaken of winning back a place in the popular speech for words which have dropped out of use. Dr. Mackay begins by announcing that "Many learned and interesting works have been written on the origin, growth, and present state of the English language." It is perhaps just as well that he gives his readers this information at starting, as they might read through the whole book without guessing that any learning or research had ever been brought to bear on the subject. Whatever these "learned and interesting books" may be, Dr. Mackay heeds them not, but trusts solely to the light of his own inspiration. In his first page he tells us that all the languages of antiquity have passed through their several stages ending in their death, and that "after death has come the apotheosis or burial in books." But by the time he has got to the next page it seems to have struck him that, after all, perhaps modern languages did not spring up like mushrooms, but must have a root somewhere, as he talks of "the languages of modern Europe that have sprung directly from the Sanskrit and the Celtic." Unfortunately he does not tell us whether English has sprung from the Sanskrit or from the Celtic. Whichever it sprang from, however, Dr. Mackay is very hopeful about English, and thinks that it will one day be the all-pervading language of the civilized world. We are quite willing to believe in Dr. Mackay's prophecies about the future of English as long as we are not required to agree with his notions about its past history. Dr. Mackay says, "The English and Scotch languages are both mainly derived from the Teutonic; and five or six hundred years ago may be correctly described as having been Anglo-Saxon and Scoto-Saxon." Again, we are told that the "Old English words derived immediately from the Dutch and following the Dutch rules of pronunciation are exceedingly numerous." Dr. Mackay, it is clear, cannot get rid of the notion that when the English of Northumbria changed masters they somehow changed tongue too, and forgot how to speak English. He tells us that Anglo-Saxon is derived from Low German, and that Scoto-Saxon is derived from Dutch, Flemish, and Danish. The philology to be found in the explanatory notes appended to the words in the vocabulary is very much such as we should expect to find from the tone of the introduction. Whenever Dr. Mackay lights on a word in a foreign tongue like an English word, he at once takes it for granted that the English word is derived from the foreign one, though the former may bear unmistakable signs of being the elder born. He thus derives "beck" from the German "bach," "starve" from "sterben," "thorp" from "dorf," "welkin" from "wolken," "sheen" from "schön," "wort" from "wurz," and so on. With strange inconsistency, in illustration of the use of some of these very words to which he ascribes a German parentage, he gives quotations from Chaucer, Gawin Douglas, Shakespeare, and other writers who can hardly be supposed to have reckoned a knowledge of High Dutch among their accomplishments. Some of Dr. Mackay's derivations from the Gaelic are wondrously ingenious. "Quick," he tells us, is from the "Gaelic coig, five, applied to the five senses, thence to one in possession of his five senses—living quick." We had thought that seven senses was the number which it was supposed one would lose on seeing anything very startling. But doubtless Dr. Mackay discerns a mystical meaning in the rhyme "One, two, three, four, five, catching fishes all alive."

In his title-page Dr. Mackay calls his book "An Appeal to Authors, Poets, Clergymen, and Public Speakers." There is, we grant, great room for improvement in the English preached by popular preachers; but we fear that, should one of their number address some of the words to be found in this collection to his fashionable admirers, he would only succeed in sending them away "all amot" at the unwonted sounds, and convinced that their idol has lost some of his senses, seven, or five, or whatever number they may consider him to have been possessed of. If Dr. Mackay wishes to be a real reformer of the English of the present day, he should remember that example is better than precept, and should abstain from the use of foreign words when English ones will do quite as well. Why should we be told that a "ship-master is a mere *employé* in the mercantile marine, and ought not to be called captain, which is a military title, and only allowable in the case of an officer in the naval service of the sovereign." Of course "master" implies employing much more than being employed, and captain carries us back to those days before the existence of "Cheeks, the marine," when Monk shouted "Left wheel" to his ships, and when land troops had to fight as best they might on shipboard. But Dr. Mackay seems to have forgotten a better word than either captain or master, a word which has been in use both before and since the days of Sir Patrick Spens. Does not the old song tell us that

The King sat in Dumfermline Town  
Drinking the blood-red wine,  
O! whaur shall I find a skeely skipper  
To sail this ship o' mine?

Whereby we learn that the king himself applied "skipper" even to "an officer in the naval service of his sovereign."

The next book on our list is *An Introduction to the Language and Literature of England*, by G. B. Aberigh-Mackay. Whether

this Mr. Mackay be derived from Dr. Mackay or not we are not told, but we should think that, according to Dr. Mackay's theory of derivations, the whole clan Mackay must, somehow or other, be derived from one another. On turning over Mr. Mackay's pages, however, we see at once that what he knows about the English language has certainly not been derived from his namesake, and that he seems to have read and partly understood some of those "learned and interesting works" of which Dr. Mackay has only heard. From these works he has found out that the English people could not only speak their own language, but also knew that it was called English, and that it did not signify in what part of the island they lived, for they spoke English just as much north of the Tweed as they did south of it. Still he seems to think this simple truth too startling to be allowed to pass without some explanation, and forthwith he tries to explain it away, and to perplex his readers by talking about "Original English," "Semi-English," "Middle English," "Broken English," and so forth, thus needlessly filling up many pages of a book which strikes as being much too small to do justice to so large a subject. The Historical Sketch indeed takes up more than a third of the whole book, and this seems the more to be regretted when we find what sort of history it sets forth. We learn from it that the Normans under Rollo the Ganger (freely rendered "Freebooter" by Mr. Mackay) obliged the French King to give up to them a "province on the coast of France." Shortly afterwards, we are told that none of the Norman "or Angevin kings of England, with the exception perhaps of Richard II., ever could or did speak English." Now every one knows that Edward I. could not only speak English well, but that he could jest in it too, a liberty which no one ventures to take with a foreign tongue unless he is quite at home in it. The King who could write bidding his son "win his shoes and boots worthily" in putting down the rebellious Scots must have felt very much at home in the language he was using. The rest of Mr. Mackay's little book contains short notices of English authors, small and great, from Caedmon down to Keats. They are much like other notices of English authors in other small books of the same class; that is to say, they are made up of a pair of dates and a list of the author's books, the name of the place where he was born, and of the school he was sent to. Sometimes Mr. Mackay ventures on an opinion as to the author's merits, as when he tells that "Hume's *History of England*, though abounding in error and prejudice, must ever remain a standard historical authority." If we may judge of Mr. Mackay's powers of criticism by this sentence, we cannot regret that he had not more space for displaying them.

#### A BOOK ABOUT BRISTOL.\*

THE title-page of this volume is in no respect a misnomer. It describes exactly what may be expected in the work which it introduces. No other designation could so accurately describe the miscellaneous nature of the contents of the book. If the author occasionally travels beyond his brief, his digressions at least admit of the defence that they have some indirect connexion with the city of his residence. He is evidently a person who has thought it his business to make himself familiar with all that concerns the place, and whose pleasure has been to hunt up all the archives of Bristol, not only in the volumes under his care at the Bristol Library, but also in parish registers and ancient documents which have perhaps not been read for centuries. Mr. Taylor has a right to describe his work as he does, as being derived from "original research"; and the evident amount of pains and trouble bestowed on that research makes us much regret that the result should appear in so unsystematic a form. The book is partly a guide-book for strangers, partly a handbook for antiquaries; it contains several interesting little bits of historical information which do not lie exactly on the high road of English history, and many anecdotes of celebrities which are amusing enough, but which do not fit into any well-concerted plan or purpose in writing. It looks as if the writer had dotted down little bits of information as they came to hand, and had crammed them in where he could without regard to arrangement or system. There are even repetitions of parts of the same story in different parts of the work. From the whole we gather that the author has a considerable amount of knowledge of various subjects, but, we must add, very little power of presenting that knowledge in an interesting manner. Mr. Taylor is just the kind of writer whom we should like to encourage, for we are sure he may do better service to the cause of history and literature than he has yet done. But he must not again attempt to unite the penny-a-lining of a guide-book with the more accurate style of writing adapted to a work which aspires to a higher class of readers. We do not mean that the style of writing in which Mr. Taylor sometimes indulges would meet our approbation even in a professed guide-book; indeed he sometimes uses words and expressions in a sense which cannot be justified; but we are glad to see these blemishes almost entirely disappearing towards the end of his book, which is the most business-like part of it, when he is describing the destroyed churches of the city.

The volume may be divided roughly, but certainly not with logical precision, into four parts, the first of which contains historical notices, the second is devoted to the description of old

\* *A Book about Bristol: Historical, Ecclesiastical, and Biographical; from Original Research.* By John Taylor, Librarian of the Bristol Museum and Library, Author of "A Guide to Clifton," "Tintern Abbey," and its Founders," &c. London: Houlston & Sons.

churches, the third gives some details about Bristol in mediæval times, and the last professes to be a guide to the streets and principal buildings. The historical notices, which run over a period of eight or nine centuries, are brief, and as they are almost wholly taken from printed books, we may pass them by without further notice. When the author comes to the description of the churches he is more in his own element. His previously published guide to Tintern shows what are his natural tastes, and how he has turned them to good account by his knowledge of photography, which he has used with good effect in that volume, though he has not embellished the present volume in the same expensive way. This part of the work exhibits both the strong and the weak points of the writer, who is both learned and ignorant—that is to say, he knows so much of all the miscellaneous subjects of which he treats that we are surprised every now and then to find him quite ignorant of common things. This part also exhibits occasional instances of a stilted style of writing which he ought to be on his guard against. The Cathedral naturally leads the way, and here we have very properly inserted (p. 51) Mr. Street's description of the Abbey Gateway, in which that architect gives his opinion that it is original, and not, as has been supposed, a copy of the fifteenth century; but instead of saying here all that was to be said on the subject, Mr. Taylor recurs in another part of the book a few pages later to the counter theory, giving Mr. Godwin's opinion, which we can scarcely think to be correct. Here, too, we find instances of the use of fine language—*re-edified for rebuilt*, and so on; and the writer has not quite come up to his work as guide to the Cathedral. We should, for instance, have expected a fuller description of the east window, the whole tracery of which consists, appropriately to a church dedicated to the Holy Trinity, of a most elaborate representation of the idea of Three in One. The historical notices range from the time of the first abbot down to the present, or at least to the last generation, when Sydney Smith held a prebendal stall. Under the sub-section, "Knightly Names of the First Minor Canons," we have the names and the salaries, with a note added to the effect that the prefix of "Sir" is clerical rather than baronial; the author seems to forget that this was the common designation of a priest, and had nothing whatever to do with baronial rank. Again, the impeachment of the Protestantism of Day, Bishop of Chichester, is quite out of place, as he never was or professed himself a Protestant, a name he probably would have abhorred, having been deprived by Edward VI. for adhering to the old learning, and kept in prison nearly till his death. Again, there is something amusing in the idea of Cardinal Wolsey's correspondent being spoken of as "one Hannibal." So important a functionary as the Master of the Rolls need not have been described as if no one had ever heard of him. Such mistakes, taken in conjunction with the amount of learning and original research which the volume displays, are the more provoking as they puzzle a reviewer on what principle to account for them. Nor probably is there any better account to be given of them, or more honourable excuse for the writer, than to say that we suppose he is a self-taught person. If this is so, he is a remarkable instance of combined ability and perseverance. How industrious he has been may be gathered from many of his researches, and especially from his notices of St. James's Church, Bristol. The vestry accounts belonging to this church go back to an early period, and some interesting extracts have been made from them. Everything seems to show that this parish has had an almost continuous succession of Puritan ministers from the early days of Elizabeth up to the present time. We doubt whether anywhere else in England a penalty for Sabbath-breaking could have been enforced in 1679, such as, it appears, the minister and churchwardens of the parish procured in a sentence against four persons for exceeding the ordinary length, whatever that may have been, of a "Sabbath day's journey":—

So strict observers of the Sabbath were the people of this parish no longer ago than 1679, that at a vestry then held here four persons were judged guilty of a most heinous crime, and were cited into the spiritual court for perverting the Lord's Day in travelling to Bath on foot, to the great dishonour of Almighty God and true religion, for which they confessed their sins in the said Court and paid 20s. for the use of the parish.

The Puritan spirit, however, had existed from an earlier date than the reign of Elizabeth at Bristol. Amongst the anecdotes scattered so thickly through this volume we have one relating to the mayoralty of John Stone, who, Mr. Taylor tells us, had four wives; but what is more to the point, he enables us to add another example to the two hundred and odd martyrs of Mary's reign:—

When he was at Mass there came a weaver out of a little door in the weaver's chapel, and exclaimed, "Fie upon the idolatrous worship!" upon which this John Stone caused his serjeant to apprehend him, and being convicted he was burnt for the offence on St. Michael's Hill, near the turnpike, where the four roads meet.

Nothing seems to come amiss to Mr. Taylor. His anecdotes range from Pickwick to Puritanism, from murders to ghost stories, from Harold the Dauntless to the poet Southey, from the ninth to the nineteenth century, and the subjects occur somewhat in the helter-skelter way in which we have here arranged them. His fondness for differences of religious belief and anecdotes connected with them makes us almost wonder and regret that he has not inserted a tradition, which we remember to have heard, of the difference between the General Baptists who assembled at Broad Mead and the Particular Baptists who worshipped at the Pithay, of whom it was said that the former believed that the latter would be lost, whilst the Pithay congregation,

it was said, feared that the others would attain this fate. We do not guarantee the truth of the story, which must be judged of by antecedent probabilities.

At the end of the volume we come to some scattered notices of some of the sixteen destroyed churches of the city. Bristol has been called the city of churches, and they still stand very close together in the older parts, forming in this respect a striking contrast with the additions which have been of late years made to the streets and buildings of the old city. Mr. Taylor has had access to the documents of St. Ewen's which have not shared the fate of the church itself, and reach back to the fourteenth century, or perhaps earlier. He has given several interesting extracts. We wish he had printed many more. The last set belong to the year 1548, and bear upon subjects which have been more or less before the public during the last few months. It furnishes a somewhat curious illustration of the meaning of the much-disputed Ornament Rubric that at the very time when the churchwardens were paying for the use of the axe and the hammer in demolishing rood-lofts and images, and buying the newly-compiled Homilies and Injunctions, three items of the account are for mending a cope, placing an embroidered green stole, probably a frontal, before the high altar, and for bringing the holy oil. And this, unfortunately for the Church Association, belongs to the second year of the reign of King Edward VI.

There is an Appendix which modestly occupies only a single page, and which contains a valuable piece of information which has never before seen the light. And here Mr. Taylor has made good use of the MS. stores of the library which is under his care. It relates to the founding of the see of Bristol. No historian has noticed the fact that the Pope in Mary's reign gave his sanction to the existence of the see which was one of the six founded by Henry VIII. without the approbation of the Apostolic See after the severance of this country from its dominion. After the resignation of Paul Bush, who was made the first bishop of Bristol by Henry VIII. in 1542, John Holyman was appointed to the see, and was consecrated in 1554, but by some mistake of Cardinal Pole's, his original appointment took place before the see had been properly recognized by the Pope; and the document in question, which we wish Mr. Taylor had printed at length, is intended to remove all objections that might be taken on the score of informality, and to place Holyman in the firm possession of his see, just as if no mistake had been made as to the original foundation of the bishopric. It is very remarkable that so important a Bull should never have found its way into print, and should not even have been copied for the Vatican Transcripts in the British Museum. We hope that before long, not only this, but several other manuscripts from the Vatican Library may be copied and made accessible to English students of political and ecclesiastical history. In the present instance, we are indebted to the zeal of a Bristol citizen for the existence of the transcript, Mr. Harford, a gentleman who bears a time-honoured Bristol name, having procured it when residing at Rome nearly half a century ago.

#### LIFE OF T. T. LYNCH.\*

WE have no doubt that if the good man some passages of whose life are here recorded by Mr. White could have anticipated the posthumous honour that was in store for him, he would have deprecated it as heartily as did a more eminent minister of the same religious communion, Dr. Thomas Binney. Yet we cannot wish that this little book had never been written, true as it obviously is that "the materials for an adequate and attractive biography do not exist" in the case of its subject. It is interesting and very instructive to turn over these meagre pages, wherein is embalmed by loving hands the memory of a man not at all obscure within his own circle, who passed a life of fifty-three years in London, but was scarcely known to the general public. Yet Mr. Thomas Lynch, the Congregational (or, as he rather liked to style himself in his old-fashioned way, the Independent) preacher, was, in his way, a remarkable man; one who by example, as well as by precept, taught those around him to suffer bravely and cheerfully some of the sorest ills our nature is heir to—pain, detraction, anxiety, poverty, and this enduring from the cradle to the grave. Throughout his whole career, indeed, Mr. Lynch could hardly have known what prosperity meant. Born at Dunmow in Essex in 1818, when but two years old he lost his father, a surgeon in that little town (famous as the scene of the periodical farce of the bacon-bitch), who sacrificed himself by rising from a sick bed to attend a patient seized by sudden illness. The widow, with a burden of eleven children, settled at Islington, and fought hard to gain them bread. She is described as "a woman of great energy, and most genial disposition—artless, affectionate, cheerful, attracting the love of all that knew her"; pious, and rejoicing over the pious thoughtfulness of her son; but doubtless a Nonconformist, for Thomas, while only in his twentieth year, speaks of himself as a "Dissenter," though he did not formally join the Congregationalist body till three years later. With the English Church and its clergy we may charitably presume that he formed no real acquaintance at any period. Happily he seldom speaks of them, but when he does, it is with a bitterness of spirit which mere ignorance will best account for. "A haughty arch-priest" and "a hard sea-monster"

\* *Memoir of Thomas T. Lynch.* Edited by William White. London: Isbister & Co.



(p. 265) are the convertible terms of his playful moments. In his more earnest moods he writes:—"As I stand in a cathedral, I say, 'Ah, how glorious you would be were it not for the clergy'; and then I add, 'You are grand enough to rest patient for a century or two; you are a tomb now, you will be a shrine by and by; you wait for worshippers, and shall not wait vainly'" (p. 178). But in truth a century or two were long to wait for such a blessed consummation. "I believe in justice," he writes quite near the end of his life, "and Anglicanism is injustice. The Established Church could not remain as it is for a twelvemonth, but for the superstition of Respectability, and out of that fetid mist we must all keep our heads lifted up clear and high" (p. 290). Elsewhere, "Episcopalians, Unitarians, Catholics" (*sic*), are included in the same category of evil.

It is not our design, however, to exhibit Mr. Lynch as a narrow bigot, still less as a mischievous demagogue; we rather aim at noting the sad influence of perverted training and inveterate prejudice even over an ingenuous and reflecting disposition, as beyond question his was, in spite of the rabid outpourings we have just quoted. *Omne ignotum pro odioso* is a ruling principle with too many persons, and one ought rather to grieve over than to condemn the blind aversion which was the natural result of antecedents such as we have now to detail. His mother sent the boy, of lively vigorous intellect, with an eager thirst for knowledge, to some school at Islington, in which he was afterwards employed as usher. He came to read a little of the Septuagint and Greek Testament with a fellow-assistant, who valued him so much (so he called to mind long afterwards) that he bought himself a Hebrew grammar, lexicon, and Bible, on purpose to help the youth by learning the sacred tongue with him. At eighteen a sudden affliction overtook him. Whilst sitting at dinner he was seized with a constriction of the throat, which for the rest of his life, except at a few intervals, hindered his swallowing solid food, but did not touch the voice or any vital organ. His appetite continued good, and he had thus often to endure the pangs of semi-starvation. This strange affection set its mark upon Lynch's whole career. Study and business being necessarily suspended, he sought for recreation in botany, in verse composition, and in music, in which last pursuit he found exquisite satisfaction, his favourite composer being Purcell, who, as he justly thought, has never received the appreciation that is his due. After a while he resumed the teacher's work, of whose responsibilities he had formed grand ideas, as also of the qualifications, particularly the moral qualifications, that are required of him. Feeling the effort of a fresh experiment at tuition to be beyond his strength, he was compelled to fall back again on retirement, which he beguiled by trying to make up for the defects of a shambling education by private reading and attending a few lectures at University College. Meanwhile his inclinations were gradually tending to the ministerial office. He took his part in Sunday-school work and cottage lectures to the poor, and even joined for a brief time the College at Highbury as a day student, though he was soon led to withdraw by his nervous weakness. In spite of all his infirmities, his cherished purpose was carried into effect, though not till his twenty-ninth year, that in which he lost his mother. In 1847 he became known to the Independent community at Highgate, which was then in a dwindling condition. Such as it was, he accepted the invitation of the congregation and became its pastor. "There are here," he writes, "nightingales and cuckoos, as many as one could wish; but Christians and Dissenters are by no means so plentiful" (p. 71). The Dissenters may be estimated by the average number of Mr. Lynch's hearers—about six men and twelve grown women; those who know the pleasant village of Whittington and Sir Roger Cholmely, of Coleridge and the nightingales, will surmise that there may perhaps have been a few Christians there who were not Dissenters. But a twelvemonth sufficed for dreary work like this. To borrow his own language in his farewell sermon, "The feathers of the sitting bird become worn and her breast sore, but when life appears she is rewarded with the joy of parentage. But what if her eggs were but chalk egg-shaped, or have lost vitality. . . . Poor bird! feathers worn, breast sore, but no young. And poor minister! if he spends and grieves himself, and no hopeful results."

With this appropriate metaphor on his lips he came down from the hill of cuckoos and nightingales to a concert-room in Mortimer Street, there to tend a few stray sheep who had wandered from the fold of Dr. Leifchild, and with whom, and with others whom he gathered round him, he subsequently removed to a larger place unsavourily situated in the Mews behind Fitzroy Square. His highest translation was from a room in Gower Street to an iron chapel near the Hampstead Road, not very commodiously erected over a railway tunnel. The twenty-four years of his humble ministry were constantly interrupted by paroxysms of illness which enforced upon him vacations, sometimes of more than a year in length, and were embittered by a dispute whose miserable details take up a full third of Mr. White's volume, and which is dignified by him with the name of "The Rivulet Controversy"; the *Rivulet*, as appears from his description, being a little rill of holy song set running by his hero over the parched desert of orthodox Congregationalism, whose assemblies had long recognized but one divine poet, dear old Isaac Watts. Since no church or minister was obliged to use Mr. Lynch's hymn-book unless it seemed a good one, it is hard to see how the simple attempt to enliven the public exercises of religion in this way could be deemed a profane use of the unwelcome leisure imposed by sickness on its

author. But the new hymns were vigorously attacked by certain religious newspapers—the *Morning Advertiser* in particular—and by these ruthless critics the *Rivulet* was proclaimed to be absurd, unspiritual, pantheistic, and was characterized by other choice epithets which mean much or nothing according to the habits and powers of those who use them. If, as we rather fear to be true, the new hymnologist was "not even at the bottom of the scale as Poet," that fact might surely have settled the whole matter, and spared the poor invalid a world of pain. For Mr. Lynch took seriously to heart all the harm he read about himself. Even time failed to bring to the hapless rhymist its wonted assuagement. From 1855, the date of the publication of the *Rivulet*, down to 1871, when his long disease came somewhat sharply to an end, he never ceased to regard himself as an injured, maligned, and smitten man. A loving wife and son were the only earthly solaces of his weary, uneventful pilgrimage. His portrait, which faces the title-page, reminds one for a moment of Liston's expression when he acted Mawworm; but a second glance dispels the illusion, and the deep lines of the countenance speak of days and nights of anguish as well of body as of soul.

Mr. White declares that those who knew Lynch, whether through his ministry or his writings, were urgent to have some account of his career, however imperfect. "If there is not much to tell," they say, "at least let us have what there is." The result may disappoint them if they expected much in quantity, for his extant letters are few, and of his fresh and genial conversation almost nothing is preserved. What they will find is, however, interesting and instructive. We do not believe that Lynch ever consciously gave up any one of the drier dogmas of his denomination, but he habitually breathed a free and pure atmosphere in a higher region of thought. His view of life in the abstract was a cheerful one. "I am inclined to think," he wrote early, "that there is more sweet than bitter mingled in man's cup—that there are more happy persons in the world than sad ones—that the joyous moments of human life, of every individual life, outnumber those of pain." Nor did he abandon this faith in his later years; almost his last words were, "Now I am going to begin to live." Without professing to be an exact scholar, he had maturely weighed the best thoughts of many of the profoundest thinkers; and in public lectures he delighted to impart the literary knowledge he had diligently stored up. Of his pleasant humour we will give just one specimen, not remarkable in itself, nor the best we have met with, but as a convenient mode of introducing what little we have further to say. A case of wine is sent to him in sickness from the shop of a Mr. Oliver:—

I must send you, according to the adage, a Roland for your Oliver. Roland was, I believe, a knight who could give stroke for stroke, and if he could not pay one kindness by another, no doubt he at least gave thanks promptly and heartily, as I do.

Your wine came with curious timeliness. The last glass of a last bottle had just been poured out, and I had said, "Now we must go to the dogs," meaning we must accept one of two evils, a pulse too low for the want of wine, or a pulse too low through procuring it. "To the dogs," said my wife. "No," said I, "though there is wine enough there, doubtless; to the dogs," which she said was wicked. But could it be wicked, when, five minutes afterwards, as I was sipping a cup of coffee, "a case of wine" was announced?

This is something in the tone of Cowper, and to our mind is quite as edifying as the practice of Mr. Müller of the Bristol Orphanage, who, in his day of small things, used to draw by prayer upon the Bank of Faith. But is poverty such as we have here a glimpse of a whit the less deplorable because it is borne without complaint or ostentation? No doubt the gulf seems wide enough which yawns between the village minister dismissed from his pulpit for buying tea at the wrong shop (and we have actually known such an instance), and the mighty Beecher who makes his church an auction mart, or the mightier Spurgeon who has triumphed over lordly deacons; but they all alike owe the bread they eat to popular acceptance, and to be long popular a man must follow general opinion, not presume to lead it. Those who cannot bow the neck will fare like the subject of our memoir, and many a worthy and able man besides; they will not suffer absolute want, perhaps, but the fear and the near prospect of it will ever be upon them to damp their energies and fetter the free exercise of their nobler faculties. Poor Lynch kept a "Raven's Book," wherein he recorded such seasonable chance gifts (if, indeed, there be any chance in the matter) as his case of wine, but he had to complain that out of ten whom he had striven to benefit by his counsel, nine went away and made no sign (p. 275). Is he too feeble to preach oftener than once on Sundays? Then he feels himself compelled to say to his flock, "You will have to provide for the evening elsewhere. Let all feel free then to lessen their subscriptions" towards his maintenance. Is he so fortunate as to receive presents from his hearers, once of 70*l.* (p. 90), once of the vast sum of 200*l.* (p. 270)? "A sincere and faithful man" writes to tell him he is not pleased, that he envies neither pastor nor people, and fears they will be "ultimately ruined" (p. 278). The donee addresses the donors with sense and manliness:—

No directions have been furnished to me as to how I am to dispose of my two hundred pounds. It is a free gift, for my free use. But, as a free man, I shall feel bound so to spend and to save as may best enable me to make more efficient the spiritual service it is my duty and honour to render. Money is vile or precious according to the getting or the using. The having it is no sure heaven, the want of it may be a sharp purgatory. It

is a minister of sin and of righteousness; never the most, and sometimes the least, serviceable of things; but usually a capital servant if it has even a tolerably sensible master.

If the getting up a testimonial is often a presumption that something has gone wrong (p. 91), it certainly was not so in this instance.

Would it not be well if wealthy Nonconformists, whose consciences or tastes force them to withdraw from communion with the National Church, would take more care than they do that pious and deserving men who labour among them should not come to poverty merely because they lack in their ministry just those qualities which are the least valuable and deserve the least esteem? Noisy and worldly-minded pastors will pursue their own interests keenly enough, and, if cast down from one position, will contrive to fall on their feet in another. "I do not want to go into the wilderness," says Lynch on one trying occasion, "but if I must, I have been there before, and perhaps an angel may meet me, bearing a pitcher of water, and I may find mamma on the ground." To provide that in time to come such men as he should not have before them a prospect thus dreary when they have reached near fifty years of age, were surely a more worthy and Christian enterprise to spend zeal and strength upon than the poor endeavour to bring down the whole body of the English clergy, *per fus nefasque*, to the same forlorn and humiliating predicament.

#### ONE ONLY.\*

IT has often been lamented, and with good reason, that while there exist schools of painting, of sculpture, of music, in every direction, there should be no recognized school of writing. The man or woman whose ambition it is to succeed with brush or chisel, with voice or instrument, finds the means of education ready of access. For those whose desires tend towards the skilful handling of the pen there are no such means provided. This is the more to be regretted because almost every one is in the habit of thinking himself capable of writing a book, although it might never occur to him that he was fitted by nature to excel in any other artistic line. A high authority on the subject, Dr. Wendell Holmes, has indeed delivered his opinion that every man has it in him to write one good novel; but this is one of those half-truths of which the repetition is somewhat dangerous. Those who quote this dictum in self-defence forget that its author has stopped short at saying that every man has it in his power to write one good novel. He has not added that every man can do this without taking pains to cultivate his power; still less has he said that the power of writing one book implies the power of writing many. It is curious that the same delusion which seems to prevail as to the existence of a universal gift for writing is applied almost to the same extent to the art of acting. Both these beliefs are in their nature singularly unreasonable. It is common enough to hear this kind of advice given to one in want of money or employment, or both, "Oh, write a novel. Anybody can write a novel." What the speaker really means is that he himself could write one. It is unfortunate that, in spite of this, the advice is frequently acted upon. As a matter of fact there are probably no callings which involve more hard work for the attainment of real success than those of the actor and the writer. We had occasion not long ago to point out some of the disastrous results which follow from the want of literary education. While such results are observed to follow frequently from the want of a school, some credit is due to writers who make for themselves a school by the imitation of models which are recognized as good. And this credit is due to the writer of *One Only*, which we may take without much danger of mistake to be the work of a woman. What model the author has selected will be easily discerned from one of the opening passages of the book:—

Thirty years ago the beauty of Aldersham was Miss Rose Camden, the only daughter of an old major, who lived in a small house half-way up the hill behind the town, and was employed as his agent by a nobleman in the neighbourhood. This young lady was standing one morning—it was a market-day—at the end of the bridge near the water-mill, talking to a gentleman who had dismounted from his horse, and was stroking and caressing it absently, while he gave her his full attention. It was May-time; the pear-tree on the end of the mill was a mass of blossom, and so was an orchard higher up the lane; a blue sky was over their heads, birds were singing, and merry sounds came from the street. The gentleman who was talking to Miss Camden thought her prettier than all the flowers in May. She was fair, small, delicate, and certainly very pretty, with the complexion of a lady in Sévres china, and blue smiling eyes, "like Wedgwood saucers," as they were described by one of her rivals.

The influence of Miss Thackeray is here readily perceived in the accumulation of undefined details of scenery. It is a favourite device with the author of the *Village on the Cliff* to describe birds singing and merry sounds coming from the street without more particularly stating what are the birds and what the merry sounds. In this way a pleasant dreamy impression is produced upon the reader; his imagination is gently stimulated to fill up for itself the details which are only suggested by the writer. From this happy medium between too great and too little elaboration of description, as well as from many other causes, Miss Thackeray's books are always pleasant to read. The writer of *One Only* may be congratulated on having chosen a good model to follow; but imitators should not forget the maxim, "*Decipit exemplar vitii imitabile*." It must be said also that in the present case the disciple has not

always paid sufficient attention to the method of the master, and therefore the work produced presents in parts an incongruous appearance.

It will be easily imagined that the gentleman who is introduced in conversation with Rose Camden is not the only one of her admirers. He is a young man named John Atherley, the banker of Aldersham, good-looking, and rich. But there is another young man named Charles Fenwick, who is rich beyond the dreams of avarice. He is not particularly good-looking, and is particularly strange. He is a dreamy, sentimental creature, full of old-fashioned fancies and formalities. Much may be allowed for the influence of a wholly retired life spent in the company of an invalid mother and brother; but it is scarcely conceivable that even under these circumstances a young man of the present age should invariably address the girl with whom he is in love as "My dear young lady." Apart from a few trivial mistakes of this kind, however, the character of Charles Fenwick is neither ill conceived nor ill executed. It is no doubt true to nature that such a man should concentrate his whole power of affection on "One Only," that one being a girl like Rose Camden. Soon after the scene of which we have quoted part, Major Camden and his daughter pay their first visit to Mrs. Fenwick, and Rose, while walking through the garden with Charles, confides to him that she has a trouble from which he might possibly extricate her, and promises to consider the possibility of asking his help definitely. The reader has been given to understand that Rose is not really so good or so charming a person as she appears in the eyes of John Atherley and Charles Fenwick. Still it is a little surprising to find that the help which she decides to ask for is the loan of fifty pounds, for which Fenwick generously substitutes a hundred. It is true that she exhibits a certain shame in making her request, and, considering the object for which, as afterwards appears, it has been made, she could hardly do less. This is the beginning of an intimacy with Charles Fenwick and his family which Rose fosters and encourages in every way. The invalid mother and brother find a new interest in the prospect of Charles's happiness, and the old lady presents her with a bracelet valuable as well from associations as for itself. To the acceptance of this gift Rose exhibits an almost invincible repugnance, but it is forced upon her, and is regarded as a kind of seal set upon her unexpressed engagement to Fenwick. The hopes of all the people who are looking forward to the completion of this engagement are defeated, as the reader has conceived that they would be, in an unexpected manner. There is a garden party given by Lord and Lady Aldersham, the magnates of the county, at which there is much talk over the marriage which is supposed to be impending between Fenwick and Rose. In the midst of the party, however, Rose is found to have disappeared suddenly, and inquiry leads to the discovery that she has eloped with an Oxford undergraduate named Dupuis, paying the cost of the post-horses, the licence, and other necessities with the money which she borrowed from Fenwick. We called attention just now to the gift of a bracelet from Mrs. Fenwick to Rose Camden, because it is dwelt upon at some length by the author, and leads to a curious blunder on her part. It is not credible that so courtly an old lady as Mrs. Fenwick is described to be should, on hearing the news of Rose's elopement, think of the loss of her bracelet before the destruction of her son's happiness, and spend her time alternately in calling the woman whom he has loved a thief, and abusing him for not instantly recovering her property.

With the elopement of Rose Camden the best part of *One Only* is concluded. Although it contains many improbabilities and mistakes of treatment, such as the introduction of a number of entirely superfluous characters, it contains some promise. The writing is often pretty, and is commendably free from faults of grammar. It is unfortunate that this should be matter for commendation at all, but as the presence of bad grammar is a crying fault in the novels of the day, it is only fair to notice its absence in the work of a new writer.

The marriage of Dupuis and Rose is followed by the return from India of a brother of Charles Fenwick's, who has been mentioned at intervals in the course of the story. There is no kind of reason why he should appear at all, as he only returns in order to die almost at the same time as his mother. There is a sort of passion for the introduction of death scenes in novels of the present day. The fashion was set some time ago by a writer who in her first attempt undoubtedly displayed power enough to warrant her handling the subject. But it is a fashion which it is ill to follow, and it would certainly be difficult to find a scene of the kind more out of place than the death of the mother and son in *One Only*. It possesses neither dignity nor pathos, and is evidently dragged in merely because the subject is supposed to be attractive. Gerald, the invalid brother who has been mentioned before, is killed off soon afterwards, and after this wholesale massacre the author introduces us to a new generation. Atherley the banker is married and prosperous, and possesses a fascinating daughter. Mrs. Dupuis is living in wretched poverty with her husband, who has developed into a cross, peevish, elderly gentleman. Harry, her favourite son, a young man of the honest and athletic type, has just been thrown out of an employment for which he was but little fitted, by the breaking of a bank in which he held a clerkship. He goes to Aldersham with a letter to Atherley from Mrs. Dupuis, appealing to her former lover to do anything that he can for her boy. He is taken into the bank as a clerk, and visits at Atherley's house. As a natural consequence he falls in love with his employer's daughter, and is prevented from revealing his love by the consciousness of

\* *One Only*. By E. C. P. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.



his poverty. It is perhaps needless to add that during his stay at Aldersham he rescues Charles Fenwick, now a broken-down old man, from a robbery with violence, and that Charles Fenwick dies conveniently soon afterwards, leaving all his vast wealth to Harry. About this time Mrs. Dupuis also dies. These frequent deaths are extremely tiresome, and are, moreover, out of keeping with the tone of the book, which is in the main quiet and pleasant enough. Indeed the author would do well to remember that the step from a certain sort of quietude to dulness is not very long. If she contemplates writing more novels than *One Only*, she will do well also either to study more accurately, as we have before suggested, the model which she chooses to imitate, or to strike out a line for herself. Meanwhile, it must be remembered that a copy of some merit is better than an original of none.

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